The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

The Week.

THE *Tribune's* report of the meeting of the Republican State Committee contains interviews with the leading politicians, some of which were evidently published through inadvertence. If they had been properly edited, we should not have been made acquainted with the fact that the return of prosperity is having a distressing effect on politics by eliminating the tariff as an issue. Thus, Mr. John Sabine Smith has just returned from a journey to the Northwest, where he found every preparation making for a boom in business, which led him to doubt whether the Republican party could carry another election as easily as it carried the last one. "I do not think there is any room to question our success in next year's campaign," he said, "if we can only hold to our present chances." "What do you mean by that?" asked the reporter. To which Mr. Smith replied:

"I was in Indiana, Illinois, and Minnesota, and the crop outlook there is almost marvellous. Not in ten years has there been such a crop-showing for the farmer; and a large proportion of the crop has been already harvested. If nothing interferes to injure that which is yet outstanding, it will be a great year indeed, and the danger, if any should arise, to be guarded against will be that of an *overflowing prosperity*, wherein the issue born of the last two years may be forgotten."

Mr. Sabine Smith's frankness was matched by that of Senator Lexow, who said: "This matter of reported increase in wages in various directions is a temporary thing. *If it is otherwise, then we are all wrong, and have been in the wrong all the time.*" He felt sure, however, that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, the situation was really bad, and that a thorough investigation would prove it to be so. He made the suggestion that the Republican newspapers should bestir themselves and show how bad it is.

Senator Peffer has a certain value as a kind of stormy petrel of politics, and when he says the silver agitation is dying out in the West, mariners may take it as a favorable weather sign. Silver is still "the leading question of the hour," declares the Kansas Senator, but people do not talk about it any more. There are no more public meetings on the subject, and during the last six or eight weeks there has been a marked indifference to the leading question of the hour except in the newspapers. We fear it is a sign of criminal neglect on the part of farmers and workingmen. They are so busy about their crops and their factories that they really have no time to meet for the purpose of denouncing a financial system that robs them of bread and destroys all industry. That, at least, is the excuse the silver agitators give now for the waning condition of their agitation. Ex-Speaker Crisp explained the fizzle of the Georgia silver convention in that way. How could you expect busy and prosperous farmers and workingmen whose wages had just been advanced for the second time, to drop everything, even under the witchery of Morgan's eloquence? No, we shall have to wait till the dreary winter days plunge the farmer into appropriate melancholy again. The worst of it is, though, that, as Peffer admits, the fall elections will be over by that time, and the silver men will have been "swamped."

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio that a municipality has no power to issue bonds payable in gold without special authority, simply affirmed a decision of the Circuit Court on the subject. The view taken by the latter court is published in full. The decision turns upon the construction of a statute. The city of Cincinnati was authorized by law to issue its bonds to the amount of a certain number of "dollars" for the purpose of refunding street-improvement bonds. It undertook upon this authority to issue bonds payable in gold dollars, and the court held that a "dollar" was "the unit of value of money as enacted by the Congress of the United States, and at the time of the passage of the law in question, as well as at the present time, the dollar of the United States consisted of a legal-tender currency dollar redeemable in gold or silver coin of the United States, and the gold coin and silver coin of the United States." Hence a bond payable in gold dollars would be a limitation on the statutory dollar, as excluding the use of the paper and silver dollars. As the bonds could be sold if they conformed to the statute and omitted the word "gold," the court held that this condition was not essential, and, not being essential, could not be implied. This conclusion was fortified by the fact that the Legislature had in several cases authorized the city of Cincinnati to issue bonds payable in gold or lawful money, or in coin or lawful money. These statutes were held to indicate that where this option was not specifically granted it was intentionally withheld.

The situation of the city of Cincinnati, therefore, was much the same as that of the Treasury of the United States before the last issue of bonds. The law authorized the issue of bonds payable in coin, and the Secretary of the Treasury desired to issue bonds payable in gold coin, but was considered to have no authority to do so without further legislation. But there is a difference between the cases which the Ohio court seems to have overlooked. The United States statute prescribed the issue of bonds "redeemable in coin." It would be hazardous to lend money on a bond which did not follow the wording of such a statute. But the Ohio statute did nothing of this kind. It did not direct that the bonds should be made payable in "dollars." It was silent upon that point. It merely limited the amount of the bonds issued for certain purposes to "twenty-six millions of dollars." Hence the decision of the Ohio court really amounts to forbidding a municipality to select the kind of dollars which it will borrow and repay. There are three kinds of dollars provided by the Government of the United States for the use of its subjects, presumably in order that every one may choose the kind that suits him best. But the municipalities of Ohio are regarded by its courts as not at liberty to exercise this choice without specific consent of the Legislature. When they contract to borrow, they must receive either paper dollars, silver dollars, or gold dollars, at the option of the lender. When they repay their loan, the creditor must receive dollars of any of these kinds at the option of the city. It is quite significant that this interpretation of the law was accepted by but three judges out of five, and it is obvious that other courts might not find it difficult to reach a different conclusion from that adopted in Ohio. We presume that this will be hailed as a great victory for silver by the bimetallists. If they could only obtain such decisions in all the States, they might succeed in driving up the rate of interest upon municipal loans at least one per cent.

The "original package" question has again come up in a case arising under a West Virginia law. The last Legislature of that State, in order to check indulgence in what was considered the vice of smoking cigarettes, passed a statute requiring dealers in the article to pay what was thought to be the prohibitory tax of $500 for a license. A tobacco company of this city shipped fifty packages of cigarettes to a dealer in Martinsburg who had refused to secure a license, and upon his making a sale he was arrested. His counsel took the case on a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Goff of the United States Circuit Court, claiming that the act of the Legislature, so far as it affected this case, was in violation of that provision of the Constitution which gives Congress the sole power to regulate commerce among the several States, and was consequently void so far as it concerned the business of dealing in cigarettes imported from another State into West Virginia and sold in the form in which they were received. Judge Goff sustained this contention, saying:

"The law, so far as it applies to cigarettes

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imported from another State into the State of West Virginia and sold by the importer within said last-named State in the original package, is a burden upon commerce among the States, and to this extent in violation of the commercial clauses of the Constitution of the United States; and also so far as it relates to cigarettes manufactured in another State and by the manufacturer sent into West Virginia in the original packages for sale by the agent of the manufacturers, and so sold in such packages by such agent, it is for the same reason inoperative and void."

But the question is at once raised by the local press as to what is an "original package" of cigarettes within the meaning of this decision? Is it the case in which the cigarettes are shipped? or is it the little paper box which holds ten cigarettes? If it be the latter, the retailer could hardly do a profitable business, as to keep within the law he must apparently bring in each of these little packages separately, at two or three times the cost of the package at retail. It is thought probable that the State will make a test case of its own and secure an authoritative ruling on this point, which is a vital one.

Maryland newspapers of both parties testify to the indignation with which the outcome of the Democratic State convention of July 31 is received by Maryland Democrats. The declarations of the platform in sympathy with tariff reform and the financial views of President Cleveland are not accepted as worthy of serious consideration. Every one recognizes that Senator Gorman got what he wanted—which was the ticket; and that he will use every effort to elect that ticket in order to present the result as a Gorman vindication. The Baltimore *News*, speaking for anti-Gorman Democrats, declares that the latter threw away their opportunity in the convention as soon as they began negotiating for a compromise candidate, and that in such a contest "there is no middle ground—the Democracy of Cleveland and that of Gorman and Rasin will not mix"; and it plainly advises a Democratic bolt in November as the only way to disconcert the State boss. The Baltimore *American* (Rep.) says that Democrats in the rural counties are already planning to save their local tickets in anticipation of a State defeat. To offset this gloomy outlook, the Gorman machine will depend on a big campaign fund. The Senator's relations with rich Trusts and other corporations are notorious, and this will be just the time for them to show their appreciation of his past fidelity. Cleveland carried Maryland in 1892 by over 20,000 plurality, and every Congressman elected was a Democrat. Last year, with no State ticket in the field, the Republicans divided the delegation equally. Maryland will be a very uncertain State this year.

We are glad to see that Mr. Whitney's friends are putting him right with the public in the matter of his Presidential candidacy. He is not a seeker after the nomination—let that be understood. To the thousands of people who have besieged him with a request to announce himself as a candidate, he has repeatedly said that political strife is distasteful to him. He is not the man to enter upon a struggle for the honor. But, "in the opinion of many prominent Democrats," we are to see in a short time "a formidable movement" to make Mr. Whitney President. It is a mistake to suppose that he and Mr. Cleveland are at odds. The President is at Gray Gables, Mr. Whitney is at Bar Harbor. Perpend the significance of that, as also of Secretary Lamont's passing suspiciously from one place to the other. If the Whitney boom becomes truly formidable, his friends say he will not too violently withstand it. If an irresistible movement to nominate him sweeps over the whole country, "it is said he will accept." There are, it must be admitted, some faint signs that he would. One of them is his famous long-distance blood-boiling over a supposed insult to the flag. Another is his acute attack of international bimetallism. A third is the evidence that the rural press has begun to enjoy the fructifying showers that always descend upon it when the grateful cloud of a rich man's literary bureau passes that way. But the great thing is to have Mr. Whitney's friends insist that his position "must not be misunderstood." He *is not* a candidate, he affirms. But surely nobody will misunderstand that.

A new witness as to the evils of the spoils system in politics is brought forward in President Polk, an inside view of whose political opinion is given in some extracts from his diary prepared for the *Atlantic Monthly* by James Schouler. A number of the Presidents of the earlier days confessed their abhorrence of that part of their duties which made them office-mongers, but President Polk has not been cited among them. His diary shows, however, that the office-seekers were the bane of his existence. "Will this pressure never cease?" he wrote in 1846. "I most sincerely wish that I had no offices to bestow. As it is, I have no offices to bestow without turning out better men than a large majority of those who seek their places." More than a year later he wrote: "Almost the whole of my embarrassment in administering the Government grows out of the public patronage." The diary gives a number of illustrations of the wretched character of the general run of office-seekers, high and low. One prominent member of Congress who, not satisfied with the mission to Russia, demanded the mission to France, and was rejected by the Senate when named for that position, made his rejection an excuse for growing cool toward the Administration. Two other members who did not obtain offices created by a bill which they pushed through, also became opponents of the Administration. No wonder that President Polk wrote, "The herd of office-seekers are the most unprincipled persons in the country"; and "Patronage is injurious to a President." The diary relates an amusing incident in this connection. A man who filed an application for a place with the Secretary of State was asked what office he wanted. "I am a good hand at making treaties," he replied; "and as some are to be made soon, I should like to serve as Minister abroad."

One of the best practical tests of the value of the competitive over the spoils system of civil-service appointments is afforded in the railway mail service. This service calls for an intelligent and skilled force, so that when the places are filled at the dictation of politicians the evil effect cannot help manifesting itself. From the nature of the service, too, it is possible to form an exact statistical comparison between the kind of work done under one system and another. Postmaster-General Bissell, in his last report, using this service as a demonstration of the value of what he called "civil-service protection," showed that in 1889, after the service had been disorganized to meet the demands of political place-seekers, the errors, which the year before had been in the proportion of 1 in 3,694 pieces, increased to 1 in 2,834. Soon after this the civil-service rules were applied to this branch of the postal business, with the result that by 1893 the record for efficiency had risen to 1 in 7,144, and for 1894 to 1 in 7,831. Now comes the report of Superintendent Jackson for the branch of this service comprising the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the peninsula of Maryland and Virginia, for the year ending June 30, 1895. The steady advance of efficiency under the competitive system is seen at a glance from the following table, showing the number of pieces correct to each error in the fiscal years named:

	Pieces.		Pieces.
1889	8,250	1893	13,887
1890	7,643	1894	15,972
1891	9,795	1895	16,433
1892	10,596		

This report also shows an increase of 42,000,000 in the number of pieces handled in the last year, and that 2,552,573 registered packages were handled with only 70 errors. Comment on these figures is unnecessary.

The industrial alliance, or combination, into which two great companies, the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburgh and the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, are reported to have entered, is very significant of impending revolution in the methods of transportation and travel. It seems to indicate that economies long anticipated in theory have been realized in part, and that our existing railroads will presently enter upon the great work of substituting stationary for movable sources of power. For this, after all, is what is involved in what

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is commonly spoken of as the substitution of electricity for steam. Really what is substituted is the stationary boiler and engine house for one that travels about on wheels. Instead of generating the power required to move every train of cars in immediate connection with that train, the power is to be generated at one spot, and drawn off where and when it is wanted. Perhaps the time may come when our magnificent locomotives, the pride of our ablest mechanicians, will be contemplated by posterity as curious instances of misapplication of power and waste of fuel. Already, when we compare the noiseless flow of energy through a slender wire with the terrific waste of hurling through space a locomotive weighing a hundred tons, we seem to feel that the old order must soon change. The possible economies in the wear of machinery and bridges and track are so great as to make it seem necessary that they should soon become practicable.

The Hawaiian newspapers, we observe, are greatly distressed over the July pilot chart of the North Pacific, issued by the Hydrographic Office at Washington. Upon this chart, at the request of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the United States Naval Hydrographer, Commander C. D. Sigsbee, has traced the shortest steamer routes from this country and from the western terminus of the proposed Nicaragua Canal to Yokohama and Hong Kong. The result is horrible. Instead of Honolulu appearing in its well-known place as the key to the Pacific, the half-way house at which all commerce to and from the Orient must put up *en route*, it is left in a state of painful isolation. Commander Sigsbee shows that the shortest routes to the East pass hundreds of miles north of the Hawaiian Islands. The worst of it is that he figures it out, in a mean-spirited and un-American fashion, on the principles of great-circle sailing. In going from the Nicaragua Canal to Yokohama via Honolulu you would have to sail 374 knots more than via San Francisco, and to Hong Kong 367 knots further. No wonder the Hawaiian patriots, anxious to give away the country they have stolen, are alarmed and enraged by these figures. Commander Sigsbee ought to be removed at once. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce brings itself under grave suspicion by even asking to have the steamer routes investigated in this way. Probably, if the truth were known, we should find the Sugar Trust or Claus Spreckels at the bottom of the nefarious business. As for the Washington Hydrographic Office, we should like to know what right it has to print such things on its pilot charts, anyhow. Pilot charts are legitimate only as they make forecasts of wind and weather, or indicate currents and prevailing winds. They are a scandal and a waste of public money when they undertake to upset long-standing and patriotic ideas about the true location of the cross-roads of the Pacific.

If we contrast some of the utterances of Mr. Chamberlain with those of Sir William Harcourt, we must admit that true Conservatism, as well as honesty, is better represented by the latter. Mr. Chamberlain undoniably resorts to the arts of the demagogue, and his speeches suggest those which we are unfortunately only too much accustomed to hear from our own party orators. Thus, at a meeting of miners in Staffordshire he promised his audience old-age pensions, assuring them that such schemes were much better than the abolition of the House of Lords. When one of his auditors called out, "We want enough to live on now, without pensions," Mr. Chamberlain replied that if the workingmen wanted their wages raised they must vote for the Unionist party, who would give them good trade by restoring confidence and developing enterprise. On the other hand, Sir William Harcourt told his hearers in West Monmouth that trade consisted in the demand which other countries made for the manufactures of England. The extent of this demand depended upon the condition of these foreign countries, and that condition was something with which the Government of England had nothing to do. The depression of business in America, in Australia, and in Argentina naturally affected business in England, but the English Government could exercise no control over such conditions. If the figures showing the movements of miners' wages in South Wales and Monmouth were examined, Sir William Harcourt pointed out, it would be found that under Liberal governments advances had taken place to the extent of 85 per cent., and under Tory governments to the extent of 60 per cent., while the reductions had been under the Tories 98 per cent., and under the Liberals 46 per cent. If it were true that governments had anything to do with wages, the Liberals had a fair percentage in their favor, but the fact was the governments had nothing at all to do with the matter, and to claim that they did was not an honest policy.

The difficulties experienced in having too great a majority have been recently illustrated in our own party history, and it is not improbable that they will be experienced by the English Tories. The depression of English agriculture has been most seriously aggravated by the disasters of the last two years, and the cry for protection is universally heard from farmers and land-owners. The reports of the Royal Commission on Agriculture contain the testimony of a large number of witnesses, and they concur in the opinion that the low prices of grain and meat are due chiefly to foreign competition, the remedy for which is to be found in protective duties. It will, of course, be impracticable to apply such a remedy as this in England, but the demand for it will under the present circumstances have so strong a backing as to be likely to prove embarrassing to the Government. The well-worn expedient of granting a Royal Commission to investigate can hardly be resorted to again. What the landed interest wants is not investigation but action. The results of investigation are already available, and show that in a number of the English counties rents have been reduced during the last fourteen years by one-third and in many cases one-half, to say nothing of losses from rents unpaid. In addition to this, the cost of keeping buildings in repair is now thrown altogether upon the landlord. On the other hand, the tenants complain that the embarrassments of the landlords react on them, making their tenure insecure and preventing them from obtaining necessary improvements. Under these influences the old system of long leases has been broken down, and agreements from year to year are now the rule. Altogether the situation is an extremely unfortunate one, for it appears to be beyond human power to ameliorate it. So long as the weather continues to be as adverse as during recent seasons, the condition of British agriculture must decline, and the new Government may well pray for favorable skies the coming year.

In one respect the Irish made a surprisingly good showing in the elections to the new Parliament. They captured some Unionist seats, and will have eighty-three Home-Rule members—almost up to Parnell's historic eighty-six. That they should have thus more than held their own in the face of the general Liberal slump, especially in the face of their own cruel and bitter dissensions, is certainly astonishing. It witnesses in a striking way to the depth and persistence of the national sentiment. But if we ask what it is all to amount to, what impression the Irish members will be able to make upon Parliament, by either appeal or obstruction, the immediate outlook cannot be said to be cheerful. The worst feature of the whole business is that the Irish are not at peace among themselves. It seems impossible to solidify their vote under a single leader. Mr. Healy's goings on are thought certain to lead to a movement to have him expelled from the Irish party as either a traitor or a man who has lost his wits. Yet he asserts, and appears to have, a following of 25 members. Then there are 11 Parnellites, sore and angry, and 47 of the old Nationalists. To combine them all into a compact and harmonious party seems impossible. The threatened reduction of Irish representation may do it; rough treatment of Ireland may do it; some now unknown leader of genius may arise to do it. But the most likely outcome, it must be confessed, is a continuance during the next Parliament of the wrangling and dissension which have wrought such discredit to the Irish cause the world over.

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THE NEW GOSPEL OF PROTECTION.

THE learned pundits of protectionism have always assured us that their great principle of making people rich by taxing them was capable of infinite application and new developments. John Robinson was not more sure that new light would break from the Scriptures, to meet new needs, than they have been that protection, in the hands of its friends, is equal to every political problem that may present itself. If it is necessary to save the votes of the silver States, protection of silver at once becomes a logical extension of orthodox doctrine. The sugar bounty might be denounced by a fossilized old theologian of protection like Judge Kelley, as a heresy that would destroy the very foundations on which the righteous Pennsylvanians had builded and grown rich, but to the new lights of the protective system it was clear that a bounty was of the essence of the whole scheme, and hence the more bounties the better.

A new step forward is now to be taken, it would appear; a new article of faith added to the protectionist creed. Bounties on production, as for silver and sugar, are a part of the old orthodoxy; bounties on exports are to be added by progressive orthodoxy. The head doctor of this new theology is Lubin, David Lubin of California. A good deal of fun was poked at him by the Eastern press as long as he stuck to his native coasts. Even Republicans, not knowing that they were sneering at their future teacher and leader, spoke of him disrespectfully as a weak brother. But they are now learning that he is one of the weak things of the world chosen to confound the mighty. Lubin is on his travels. He has invaded the East, as ready as *Dogberry* to bestow all his tediousness upon any Chamber of Commerce that will hear him. And he seems to be carrying everything before him. Bath has capitulated, New York business men fled before him, Philadelphia has cast herself convulsively into his arms.

What is Lubin's doctrine? What are the weapons of his warfare? He has got hold of the great truth that the farmer is not and cannot be protected by import duties. The farmer is not in the importing business. He is our great exporter, sending abroad 75 per cent. of all we sell. What good does the sham tariff on corn or wheat do him? None at all, says Lubin, forcibly and truthfully. What shall he do, then? Refuse to be always the under dog in the tariff scramble, and insist that the tariff scramble shall cease? Not at all; that would be simply the wisdom of the children of this world. Lubin's doctrine is far deeper. Pay the farmer a bounty on all he sells, and the trick is done; the farmer is really protected, the political millennium is just around the corner.

Lubin's first great political success was won in the California Republican convention a year ago. His ideas were embodied in the platform, which demanded that "a limited portion of the receipts of the United States customs" should be applied to "reducing the cost of transporting staple agricultural products from American seaports to foreign seaports, to the end that the prices of these products should be advanced." There was the Lubin germ. If the Government would only pay the freight, the farmer would be so much to the good. But the germ has since expanded. Like other great pioneers of thought, Lubin did not at first fully get his bearings, did not fully understand his own principles. But his logical mind was at work, and the final result could not long be delayed. Why pay freight, which rascally monopolists might run off with, when payment might directly be made to the farmer? The very thing! Columbus's egg was balanced. An export bounty on agricultural products was the logical completion of protection, according to Lubin. With that faith in him he set out, a committee of one *de propaganda fide*.

But the propaganda did not propagate. Farmers are proverbially thick-headed and perennially busy, and did not take kindly to Lubin's new plan of salvation. He was puzzled for a time, but then went back to protectionist first principles. A bounty on agricultural exports must be log-rolled along with some other bounty. Why not try the ship-builders? No sooner said than done. The combination was made, Lubin's bounty was hitched to the star of a shipping bounty, and from that moment he went forth conquering and to conquer. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce first surrendered to the inevitable. Portland, Oregon, and Seattle soon discovered how indissolubly agriculture and shipping were united, and how both must have bounties, or die on the spot. Eastward came Lubin's star of empire. The ship-builders of Bath, Me., hailed him as a deliverer, and passed his resolutions with enthusiasm. In New York, on July 15, fourteen men met with Lubin in a committee-room at the Produce Exchange, and adopted his resolutions "by a majority vote." This shows that the great business voice of the metropolis is for Lubin. But his completest triumph was at Philadelphia ten days ago. The shipping interests took him to their bosom and heartily agreed with him in "calling upon Congress to *equalize* the protection system by extending to agricultural staples and American shipping in the foreign trade that just measure of protection to which they are entitled, as long as protection is the controlling and public policy of this nation, and that this be done by an export bounty." In the "testimony meeting" for converted sinners that followed, Mr. Charles H. Cramp freely confessed his evil deeds "when we went to Congress and argued for a bounty for ourselves." That was a "grave error," and he was going to do the best he could to "repair it" by hereafter nobly arguing for a bounty to the farmers as well. So said all the other ship-builders.

This is no laughing matter. If protection is right, Lubin is right. If he is wrong, absurdly wrong, then it is time for the Republicans to say, as the confiding Lexow said about the relation of wages to a high tariff, "we are all wrong, and have been in the wrong all the time." Logic is logic, that's all we say, even protectionist logic. We have seen protection leave the "infant industry" stage for the "pauper labor" stage; seen it pass from hatred of foreign trade to glorying in it; seen it willing to wreck our finances and introduce the bounty system rather than abate a jot of its pretensions. Why not now go in, in a whole-hog way, as Benton used to say, for the bounty system, and make it universal? Down with the taxes and up with the bounties, and let the devil foot the bill, would be a popular campaign cry. We advise the *Tribune* to keep on being very tender of Lubin. Lubin is mighty and will prevail.

C.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES.

IN the current number of the *Forum* Mr. H. J. Fletcher brings up once more the tendency of population to concentrate in the cities. This tendency prevails throughout the civilized world, and appears to be strongest in the most progressive communities. In our own country, Mr. Fletcher points out, the drift is from the farm to the village, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city. In other words, the communities of medium size experience both emigration and immigration. They both gain and lose population, and in many parts of the country they gain more than they lose. But in the older States, such as New York, and even Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, half the townships were less populous in 1890 than in 1880. In New York State more than two-thirds of the townships lost population in that decade. From this evidence Mr. Fletcher deduces the law that wherever the land is fully occupied, all the people not actually needed to cultivate the soil are being drawn into the towns, and he reaches the conclusion that the evils and the dangers of the excessive massing of the people in the cities far outweigh the benefits.

It must be admitted that few conclusions are more firmly embedded in tradition. The maxim, God made the country and man made the town, has much of the force of a scriptural text, and many moralists have expatiated on the superior morality of the rural districts. But when we come to examine the premises from which this conclusion is drawn, we find that they are for the most part pure assumptions. Mr. Fletcher declares that, in the country, homes are cheap, the air is pure, all men are equal, and extreme poverty is unknown, while in the city all these conditions are reversed. The growth of cities "swells the number of the classes

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most exposed to agitation and discontent, intensifies the dangers to be apprehended from social upheavals, and widens the growing chasm between the classes." He says that the student of social science "realizes that in times of social disturbance the great cities are an ever-growing menace to the public authority and even to the existing social order." The massing of dense populations means impaired public health and morals, and adds to crime, which is "increasing, like the cities, out of all proportion to everything else." In short, Mr. Fletcher offers the resolution that the growth of cities has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Hardly one of these statements endures scrutiny. As to the cheapness of country homes, that is disposed of by a reference to the old story of the Irish immigrant who complained that he had to pay a shilling here for what cost only a sixpence in the old country; but when asked why he did not stay where things were so cheap, replied that there were no sixpences to be had there. Considering the quality of the homes, the rate of wages, and the steadiness of employment, it is far from certain that city homes are not cheaper on the whole than country ones. Even in the city of New York, where the conditions of residence are least favorable for the poor, the list of advantages provided by the community is something that the isolated farmer may well contemplate with envy. It is a mistake to suppose that extreme poverty is unknown in the country. Cases of actual starvation seldom occur anywhere; but, even in the most prosperous rural districts, suffering from penury is far from unknown. The mere laborer, who owns no land, is frequently thrown out of work in the winter months, and agricultural employment in general is far more subject to interruption than is the work carried on in cities.

The evidence also fails to show that the growth of cities increases the dangers from agitation, discontent, and social upheavals. The country has suffered much of late from these causes; but the trouble has originated, not in the cities, but in the sparsely settled regions of the country. The prairies of the West, not the towns of the East, have been swept by the greenback craze, the silver craze, and the Populist craze. There have been riots at Chicago, but there have been riots at Cripple Creek. There have been riots at Pittsburgh, but there have been riots at Cœur d'Alene. There is at least as much violence in proportion to its size in a mining town as in any great city, and probably a good deal more. The most atrocious murders take place in the most peaceful hamlets, and there are probably ten times as many homicides in the Southern rural districts as in the urban communities having an equal population. The assertion that crime is increasing "out of all proportion to everything else" lacks proof. It is doubtful if it is increasing in any proportion, and it certainly does not increase in large cities in any markedly greater ratio than population.

Taking everything into consideration, the dweller in the city can make out a pretty fair case for himself. He does not subsist upon pork, potatoes, and pie to the same extent as the farmer. He has better and purer water, and more of it, than half the farmers in the country. Trinity Church recently fell under grave reproach because in some of its tenements there was no running water. But the occupants of these tenements suffered less incovenience in getting water than most farmers regularly undergo. The inhabitant of the city has better schools, better sidewalks and streets, better light, better and prompter medical attendance and postal communication, and more if not better society. The farmer has purer air—so long as he stays out of doors—more opportunity for enjoying natural scenery, and, frequently, greater independence. That he is more virtuous than other people is a proposition which experience does not support.

Mr. Fletcher does not fail to observe that in changing his residence every man undoubtedly acts on his best judgment of his own needs; but somehow, when all act on this principle, the result is detrimental to society. But it is impossible that society should suffer unless its members suffer. Society is a mere abstract term, and we have the paradoxical conclusion that what is individually beneficial is collectively injurious. It is far more rational to turn to the great changes wrought by science and invention. One man can now produce bread for hundreds, and even bring it to their doors. The wants of men have incredibly multiplied, and they can be satisfied only by processes of manufacturing and distribution which are possible only in towns and cities. The increased power of producing food not only enables more people to live in towns, but compels them to do so. They would have no occupation on the farms, and they must live where they can find employment. Before these mighty forces human law is impotent. Under present conditions population necessarily tends to aggregate. There are results of this aggregation that are disquieting, but we cannot tell what the ultimate results may be; and if we try to resist what appears to be a universal process of evolution, we may only spend our strength in vain. We may be very sure that there will continue to be farmers enough to furnish food for the rest of the inhabitants of the earth, and, so far as we can now judge, the rest of the inhabitants not only will but must live in towns. There are many dispersive agencies at work, and there may eventually be a reaction from the present tendency. But its objectionable results are not so clear that we need consider that the public welfare requires the interference of the Legislature. If the tendency is prejudicial, it will come to naught; but if it is a phase of progress, we cannot overthrow it.

CONSERVATISM OF THE ENGLISH DEMOCRACY.

In a speech at Doncaster on July 20, after the sweeping victory of his party had been placed beyond doubt, Mr. Balfour summed up the general significance of the result with a clearness and comprehensiveness that we have not seen elsewhere equalled. Asking for the real cause of the "vast change which has taken place in the representation of England," he said it would ultimately have to be found in the fact that "the people of this country are, and must be, a conservative people."

"By conservative," went on Mr. Balfour, "I mean that the people of this country is, and must be, a people enamoured of its Constitution, loyal to its Constitution, and that it is as impossible for us to live upon perpetual political revolution as it is for the individual to obtain a wholesome diet on blue pills. The Gladstonian party appear to think that a passionate life of revolutionary change is a characteristic of democracies. Nothing of the kind. All history and reason is against such a supposition. The most vehemently conservative population now existing in the whole universe is the American Republic, where change is not desired, and where change, if desired, would be almost impossible to effect under the safeguards, the multitudinous safeguards, which their Constitution provides; and the Anglo-Saxon does not differ on the two sides of the Atlantic. We are, and we always have been throughout the long and glorious growth of our constitutional liberties—in the sense in which I used the word—a conservative people; and a conservative people in that sense we must ever remain. As a conservative people we must oppose—and it will be found that the people of this country always, in my judgment, will oppose—senseless and stupid revolutionary projects, ill-considered, forced upon them by no national necessity, required by no social growth, not called for by any real pressing need of the time."

It would be hard to dispute the essential justice of Mr. Balfour's inference. Leaving wholly out of view the question of Irish home rule—and it certainly cut but a ridiculously small figure in the contests in English constituencies—the programme of the Liberals, so far as they had any programme, was a complex of constitutional and social change far too vast for any party ever to promise or to hope to carry out, and much too revolutionary in its implications to find a welcome in cautious English heads. A few years ago it did look as if England was on the verge of a great social revolution. With no written constitution to fetter an omnipotent House of Commons, with labor agitators coming rapidly and arrogantly to the front, with both parties on their knees to the socialists—it did look, we say, as if almost anything might happen in English politics. But the deep safeguards of English political character have now manifested themselves. Constitution written or unwritten, the salvation of Anglo-Saxon democracy lies in its love for reform and improvement, not by cyclonic methods, but in the old, orderly, experimental, tentative fashion. The English elections do not at all prove that the English electorate is against all

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change; they only prove that it is against changing all things, and changing them in one day.

In this respect they cannot fail to be reassuring, all partisan questions aside, to those who hope for the permanence of English political institutions. Especially reassuring is the terrific slaughter of labor and socialistic candidates for Parliament. Never before did so many of them stand. Never were they so vainglorious about their being the party of the future. Never was the "jolly smash" they were going to make of the obsolete British Constitution given so prominent a place in their election addresses and speeches. But never were they so smitten hip and thigh. Keir Hardie is still wondering over the "strange combination" that beat him so ignominiously in what he thought was a sure district. Ben Tillett is down, Tom Mann is gone. Messrs. Cremer, Howell, Rowlands, and Steadman are all turned out in their London constituencies; John Burns alone being saved, and he so as by fire. The only labor members to be returned, outside of London, are men like Messrs. Burt and Arch, who have been noted for their independence, and who have refused to swallow blindly the dose prepared by the tyrannical labor leaders.

This great result we consider most wholesome, both in itself and in its effects. It shows that even workingmen electors find out their own demagogues and throw them over. It shows that intelligence and character and a decent respect for the past still count for something. It will be a long time, we suspect, before dignitaries of church and state will again be found sitting at the feet of Tom Mann for instruction in their social and political duties. Confident talk about what the English democracy wants and is bound to have will not be so much heard. That greatest of all political fallacies of supposing that democracy, which is the most effective instrument the world ever saw for the diffusion of property, is especially fond of attacking the rights and security of property, will not deceive so many men so readily. Finally, both great English parties will be slow to kneel again, so abjectly as both have knelt, to social agitators. Already the *Times* is in a standing posture, and, in Lord Salisbury's name, busy brushing off the dirt as follows:

"Poor-law reform and the far larger questions opened up by old-age pensions will have to be tentatively and experimentally treated. None of us can see very far into the working of gigantic schemes resting upon some dubious fundamental assumptions. Recognition of the excellence of the end in view must not hurry us into financial complications of unknown extent, or into the dislocation of existing and well-tried agencies for the promotion of thrift."

Mr. Balfour would be the last man to say that England had pronounced against political reform and progress. If Lord Salisbury should rise in the Lords, as the Duke of Wellington did in 1830, and boldly declare his purpose to resist all measures of reform, he would bring on his head a fate like the Duke's. When the latter observed the stir his remarks had made, and asked one of his colleagues what he could have said to cause such a sensation, he got the candid answer, "You have announced the fall of your Government, that is all." Doubtless "the great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty" have, as Mr. Gladstone said in 1866, the political future in their hands, and doubtless they have great changes in store for England. But it is clear now that they must work hereafter, as heretofore, through the medium of an essentially conservative democracy. Change will come, doubtless, in ways and forms that we dream not of, but it will come in the good old English style—through the give and take of discussion, after cautious beginnings, by fair experiment, subject to retracing of steps or complete recall, and never in the whirlwind fashion of the socialists.

Correspondence.

LIBRARY STATISTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: 'Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia' is an admirable work, in many respects, but there is a curious mistake or oversight in the fifth volume of the new edition. On page 223, second column, under "Library," we read:

"The following table exhibits all the libraries of the world known to contain 100,000 volumes or upward at the latest dates. The figures given are for years varying from 1888 to 1892, except for the libraries of the United States, which are corrected to January 1, 1894."

The reports of a number of libraries of the United States are at hand, and the following table shows the number of volumes given in the Cyclopædia and the number of volumes in the annual report of the library covering the year 1893, or a part of that year. In no case is any part of the year 1894 included:

LIBRARY.	No. of Vols. in Cyclopædia.	No. of Vols. in Annual Report.
State Library, Albany, N.Y.	157,114	172,154
Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore	106,663	136,205
Peabody Institute, Baltimore.	110,000	115,750
Public Library, Boston	597,152	597,152
Brooklyn Library, Brooklyn, N.Y.	113,251	117,669
Harvard University Library, Cambridge, Mass.	400,332	421,872
Public Library, Chicago	175,874	189,350
Public Library, Cincinnati, O.	156,673	178,129
Public Library, Detroit, Mich.	108,720	123,828
Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N.Y.	135,000	133,823
Astor Library, New York	238,946	250,422
Mercantile Library, New York	239,793	243,083
Columbia College Library, New York	135,000	160,000
Mercantile Library, Philadelphia	166,000	171,525

The figures for the Astor, Columbia College, and Cornell University Libraries are taken from the statistics of New York libraries for 1893, the reports for which closed, I believe, July 31, 1893. The reports of the Peabody Institute, Brooklyn, Chicago, and Cincinnati libraries include only part of 1893, from three to seven months. It may be worth noting that the Cyclopædia gives the Library of Congress 659,843 volumes, while the 'Official Congressional Directory' of the fifty-third Congress, second session, says that the Library of Congress contained "over 680,000 volumes." The Directory was corrected to February 1, 1894. It is evident that few libraries of the United States were "corrected to January 1, 1894." For a number of libraries the figures in the Cyclopædia are those of old reports, usually those of January 1, 1892; but in one instance the figures are at least five years old. The report of the Boston Public Library for 1893 is the only one at hand that contains the figures given in the Cyclopædia.

Very respectfully, Samuel H. Ranck.

Enoch Pratt Free Library,
Baltimore, July 23, 1895.

HISTOGEOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow one who is neither philologist nor historian to enter a mild protest against the attempt, in your issue of July 25, to coin a new word with which to designate a "science" not yet in existence?

In your review of Prof. Winsor's new volume on the Mississippi Basin, you go to the length of saying that the author "almost seems to have created a new science, for which as yet we have no name," and then proceed to name the result of this almost seeming act of genesis with a compound word which, from its faulty construction and awkward sound, grates too harshly upon the sensibilities as well as on the ear of even the average and unlearned reader. The term "histogeography," if there were a chance of its surviving, would not carry to the mind the concept of the influences of the earth's surface upon the course of human events occurring there, but rather, if it could convey any idea at all, of the geography of a web or tissue, for ἱστός means this latter, and its English form has already been preëmpted for the name of a science in actual existence. W. W.

Cambridge, July 28, 1895.

[We set no great store by our coinage, and natural selection will treat it as it has done thousands of like ventures. The seeming confusion of roots may displease the scientist, who, however, has no monopoly of ἱστός (which, by the way, was the weaver's beam before it became the web), and need no more see it in "*histo*-geography" than *demi-* in "demiurge."—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

An edition of Shakspere's plays for school and college, making "an attempt to present the greater plays in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar," is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

'The Minute Man on the Border,' an account of home-missionary experience, by the Rev. William G. Puddefoot, will be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

We lately gave some account of the way in which Gibbon's autobiography was pieced by a lady's hand out of several left by the historian. These are now to be printed together by

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John Murray in a volume, entitled 'The Unpublished Works of Edward Gibbon,' along with his journals, mainly in French, from 1762 to 1764, and his correspondence. Mr. Murray will also publish a fresh selection of letters by the late Dean Stanley, with specimens of his verse, edited by Mr. Prothero.

The Selden Society have just published 'The Mirror of Justices,' edited by W. G. Whittaker, with an introduction by Prof. F. W. Maitland; and those lawyers and historians who have wondered about the book have now before them a text fit to work on, with some suggestion of a key to the puzzling contradictions in Prof. Maitland's introduction. Those who do not take the serious interest of lawyers will be pleased by the fascinating list of the abuses which the writer of the end of the thirteenth century found in our law. The one hundred and fifty-five abuses of the common law contain complaints as various as may well be, ranging from the stanch Tory view, that it is an abuse to drive a good and lawful man into trial by jury when he demands trial by battle, to the orthodox Benthamic complaint "that the laws and usages of the realm with their occasions are not put in writing so that they might be published and known to all." To these one may add the abuses which have *crept into statutory law*; and to the special attention of those who would like a comparison with the early Puritan New England view that a sin is a breach of law and a breach of law is a sin, we may commend the author's deductions from that view. To his mind there are three kinds of sins—real, personal, and mixed (p. 49). 'Bracton and Azo,' the parallel texts which are to be the Selden Society's next volume, are in the binder's hands. The 'Coroner's Rolls' (Henry III. to Henry V.) are also in press, and tell a bloody and dramatic story.

Any editor who sends the present generation back to Coleridge has a meritorious claim upon us—all the more if the selection from the poems be judicious and if the printed volume be tasteful. All these conditions are fully met in 'The Golden Book of Coleridge' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), compiled by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who supplies notes and a long introduction, perhaps over-long from a writer whose powers of compression are exhibited in the opening biographical sketch of two pages. However, it proceeds from a mind saturated with a knowledge of the poems and the man, and is very sane in its literary judgments. There is excessive heat, mixed with some risky moral distinctions, in the argument for a special exemption of genius from exposure of its human frailties. We miss from the collection "Limbo," and "Beareth all things" in particular; and "A Character" might well have been included, both for its humor and for its autobiographical value. In the occasional curtailing which Mr. Brooke has openly ventured upon, we could wish he had spared "A Christmas Carol." The punctuation of the poems too slavishly adheres to the old editions.

From the 'Philosophical Works' of the late T. H. Green a selection has been made of the lectures on the 'Principles of Political Obligation,' together with a chapter on the different senses of the term "Freedom," by Prof. Bosanquet. These lectures make a volume of 250 pages, which is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Prof. Green's influence upon English thought was a powerful one, and this reprint shows that it is not extinct. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the soundness of his political theories, they are of sufficient importance to justify their presentation in a separate volume.

We do not know why C. McFall's 'With the Zhob Field Force' (Macmillan) was written, why it was printed, or, still less, who will read it with interest, except, perhaps, some Indian officers who lack better employment. The expedition described was utterly insignificant: there were no battles nor even skirmishes. The average reader will be bewildered by the mass of Indian expressions and geographical names—there is no map—and tired by the monotony of the style, which is that of a tame diary, and is relieved by the quantity, though hardly by the quality, of the illustrations.

The letters from Japan of the late Maj.-Gen. H. S. Palmer, F.R.A.S., published in their new dress ('Letters from the Land of the Rising Sun,' Yokohama: *Japan Mail* Office), deserve to be classed with Mr. Conder's works on Gardening and on Flower-Arrangement, and Mr. Morse's 'Japanese Homes,' as a handsome and entertaining work. Capt. Brinkley's careful and friendly editing, and the large type and broad margins, are worthy of a text which, originating in the shape of correspondence for the London *Times*, is yet sufficiently painstaking and polished to deserve this permanent record. The descriptions have a wide range, from "Japanese Polo" and "Cormorant Fishing" to "Parliamentary Reporting in Japan," and, as the work of a trained and sympathetic observer, are among the best sketches of modern Japan. The illustrations represent a tasteful selection, and are for the most part novel.

The 'Life of Henry Lamp, M.D.,' written by himself in 1710-11, printed from a MS. in the possession of L. R. Ayre, M.A., with an introduction by Joseph J. Green (London: Headley Brothers), is an interesting little volume and a welcome addition to the somewhat restricted number of really racy "Friends' books." All who take it up will be certain to follow the good doctor's narrative with interest, from his birth "in a large city called Conisberg, in a province called Prussia, situated on the Baltick Sea, in the year 1660, the 19th of the month called July," to where, as a "convinced Friend," he comes to anchor at Ulverston, in Lancashire, and marries one Tabitha Gurnell. He died in unity and good esteem in 1711, and was buried at Swarthmore. He suffered with the Huguenots, preached alchemy, and lost several fortunes, having had, apparently, as great a faculty for being taken in by designing friends as Moses in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The power of early Quakerism is strikingly shown in its ability to assimilate a man of such varied experiences. The interests of this memoir are much increased by the conscientious editing it has received at the hands of Mr. Green.

The translation of Oscar Hertwig's 'The Cell: Outlines of General Anatomy and Physiology' (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan) will certainly prove useful to students who do not read German readily. Americans will be impressed by the apparently complete ignorance of the author and English editor that any cellular researches have been published by C. S. Minot and C. O. Whitman. Some, also, who have found in *proton* a short, simple, significant, and unambiguous equivalent for *Anlage*, will feel mingled amusement and impatience that one-half of the editor's preface should be devoted to a discussion of the troublesome German word, with the result of adding to *blast* and *fundament* the confessedly cumbrous expression, *elemental germ*.

We spoke briefly, a few weeks ago, of the Clarendon Press edition of St. Adamnan's 'Vita S. Columbæ.' This work has now been closely translated into English by "J. T. F.," and issued by the same press, under the title 'Prophecies, Miracles, and Visions of St. Columba' (New York: Macmillan). It furnishes much entertaining reading. There are a few annotations and glosses from the hand of the translator.

'Schiller, dem deutschen Volke dargestellt,' by Dr. J. Wychgram, is a just-completed popular biography prepared with a view of making Schiller more than ever the favorite poet of the German people. The discussion of the poet's works is woven into the biography, but is made a subordinate part of the work. The particular feature that distinguishes this from other biographies is its illustrations, which reach the number of two hundred and fifty-four. They are connected with every period of the poet's life, and are procured from almost every conceivable source, but most of them are taken from the collections of Schiller relics—in the Goethe-Schiller Archives at Weimar, at the home of Schiller's grandson, Freiherr von Gleichen-Russwurm, in the Schiller house at Marbach, in the libraries at Stuttgart and Weimar, and in the Zarncke collection at Leipzig. Among these illustrations the first place is given to portraits, and all of Schiller's relatives and intimate friends are represented. Pictures of places and houses interesting from their association with the poet are also exhibited, together with several facsimiles of his letters and manuscripts. The book is published by Velhagen & Klasing, and adds one more to their already excellent list of popular works, such as König's 'Litteraturgeschichte,' Knackfuss's 'Kunstgeschichte,' and Stacke's 'Deutsche Geschichte.'

Mr. Percival Lowell guides the reader gracefully through the mazes of the new Martian geography (or Areography) in the *New England Magazine* for August. The best service of his article is that it makes the classical nomenclature of Signor Schiaparelli less unfamiliar. Most wisely Mr. Lowell adopts this *in toto*, and has conformably named the features newly found, as embodied in his painstaking sketches last year at his private observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, more than 7,000 feet above the sea. The so-called photographs of Mars are not, as he explains, direct pictures of planetary detail, such being thus far impossible; but they are photographs in varying presentments of a globe on which all the visible detail has been carefully plotted. Thus is obtained a chart of Mars exhibiting great advances over Schiaparelli's famous map of seven years ago, itself almost incredible at that time. The marvellous spider-web system of the *canali* has never been better shown, and Mr. Lowell advocates here as elsewhere the theory, by no means an unlikely one, that these thread-like markings actually are irrigated and vegetation strips, and their dark circular intersecting areas real oases in the general desert surface of our neighbor planet.

In Mr. Barnard's sketchily written paper in the August *Photographic Times* is told again in outline the story of the achievements, many of them most remarkable, of photography in the service of astronomy. The splendid array of illustrations, unusually well presented, is made up entirely from negatives of Mr. Barnard's own taking; and the whole conveys to the uninitiated an excellent notion of the state of astronomical photography to-day. Mr. Barnard brings out clearly the vast advantages accruing from the introduction of the

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dry plate about fifteen years ago, enabling comets and the faintest stars to be photographed, and enormously large but exceedingly faint nebulæ to be discovered which the eye will probably never directly see. But, with all the advances, much yet remains to be done —in securing all those fine details of the moon and planets which the eye readily sees, but which the photographic film, from the coarseness of its grain, is still powerless to record.

Visitors to Florence who have overlooked at Fiesole the ancient theatre built on a Pelasgic retaining-wall, have not done well. Discovery has within the past three years been made near by of Roman thermæ identified with the "Baths of Catiline," and the plan laid bare. This and the very considerable architectural remains are well shown and described in the *Reliquary* for July, 1895 (London: Bemrose & Sons).

The recent completion of the harbor works at Bizerta in Tunis gives a timely interest to an account of that place by Capt. Maumemé in the *Annales de Géographie*. Formerly one of the most important of North African ports, it had been suffered to fall into decay mainly through the silting up of the channel which connects the Lake of Bizerta, famous for its fisheries, with the Mediterranean, and the destruction of the ancient mole which had been built to protect it. The French have restored this and built another, three thousand feet in length, on the opposite side of the channel, which has been dredged to a depth of twenty-four feet and a width of three hundred. This is not deep enough to admit the large vessels of the French navy into the lake, so that at present Bizerta is not a menace to the English supremacy in the Mediterranean. But the author explicitly acknowledges that the main object of the works is to make it as soon as possible a "port de guerre." As this is apparently in direct defiance of pledges given to England that Bizerta would not be permanently occupied, it has the tendency still further to embitter the feelings of the two nations. Another article discusses the treaties of 1894 delimiting the French and German zones of influence in western Central Africa, and describing the territories assigned to each country. Very useful maps accompany both these papers. M. Gaston Bonnier treats of the Alpine plants and their climatic relations, and M. Bérard continues his scholarly exposition of the Phœnician Mediterranean.

—Three of the magazines have this month one or more social studies of greater or less importance. In *Harper's*, Mr. Warner devotes part of the "Editor's Study" to comment on the quality of our consular service, and its influence on our trade with foreign countries. As his remarks have a hard headed relation to the interests of our merchants and manufacturers, they are not so likely to be brushed aside as the chimerical notions of a sentimental reformer. The extent to which these interests are neglected and ignored by the haphazard horde of our representatives in foreign ports, can best be realized by contrast with the keen business methods of the British consular service, with its grades and promotions, its life tenure, and its suitable pensions at the end. To insist, in view of Mr. Warner's observation among Englishmen in the consular employ, that American consuls must naturally become denationalized by lengthened residence abroad, involves an admission of the inferior staying-power of our patriotism which even the practical politician would be loath to make in plain terms. In the paper which most ornaments the number, Mr. Howells dates from the period of his own consular service in Venice his record of the shifting of the literary winds that at last blew him safe to port. These seemingly unreserved revelations reveal nothing of the internal processes in the composition of those poems and sketches by which the coyness of the Olympians who then inhabited the editorial offices of New York and Boston was finally overcome; but, so far as external adventure or misadventure with them is concerned, the curiosity of the most curious reader could scarcely crave greater frankness. Mr. Abbey's illustrations to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are below the level of his best work in this vein; while in the accompanying letter-press Andrew Lang's parting thrusts at modern progress, Mr. Pepys, and Darwin are hardly lively enough to conceal the fact, obvious to any reader, that Mr. Lang also sometimes nods.

—The more restricted view of Mr. Warner's subject in the foregoing magazine gains breadth and impetus in the paper in *Scribner's*, "Six Years of Civil-Service Reform," by Theodore Roosevelt. Concentration of popular energy in pushing through Congress a bill to include the consular in the classified service is advocated in this paper, rather than the continued diffuse support of a number of bills in the general interest of civil-service reform. A further practical suggestion thrown out by Mr. Roosevelt is that "every man interested in decent government should keep an eye on his Congressman and see how he votes on the question of appropriations for the Commission." His inside view, from the vantage-ground of a National Commissioner, of the covert attacks in both houses on the existence of civil-service reform—by refusing to appropriate for the Commission—is at once an interesting bit of political history and an object-lesson to the general reader in what are glibly termed parliamentary tactics. Mr. Roosevelt distributes blame with a pretty even hand to both the Harrison and the Cleveland Administrations for their violations of the principles of civil-service reform; but in selecting for praise the Congressmen who have especially supported the Commission in its efforts to strengthen itself and to extend the scope of the law, he almost takes pains to ignore Dr. William Everett in favor of Senator Lodge. It need hardly be said that Mr. Lodge's loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt has been at the expense of his own consistency as a hardy "Machinist" and dispenser of patronage, while Dr. Everett notoriously refused to exert "influence," and, both in committee and on the floor of the House, blocked many a scheme to crush the Commission and undermine the statute. *Scribner's* is further kept in line with *Harper's* by attractive reproductions of some of Mr. Abbey's pastels, with comment thereon by Hopkinson Smith. For the rest, fiction, and, on the whole, very creditable fiction, swells the number to the expected bulk. H. C. Bunner is especially happy in the delicacy and grace of both his imagination and its expression, bringing to light, in "Our Aromatic Uncle," one of the possible cases of the obscure, minor heroism which suffices to cover a multitude of humanity's shortcomings.

—The particular social grievance to which the current issue of the *Atlantic* gives voice, in the form of an article by Harvey N. Shepard, is the present mean and injurious treatment in many States of that somewhat doubtful bulwark of equity, the juryman. The wrongs of the juryman, which, pushed to their limit, have been seen to expose him to locking up without "meat, fire, drink, or tobacco," have been feelingly discussed ere now; but in this paper it is temperately argued that, with the ordinary privileges of food and sleep at the usual hours, and with no more time required for duties in court than other officers of the law are obliged to give, "some of the objections in the minds of business men to jury service will have been removed." Without openly avowed intention of showing a rent in the social garment, the brief and dramatic sketch, pregnantly entitled "Thrift," might, if tracts were still among approved methods of proselytizing, safely be printed as a campaign document for the social reformer. Whether the married girl or the priest was the sinner, in this compactly packed page of human experience, would be an interesting question to propound to the casuist who still declines to let the individual go scot free at the expense of his or her environment. In a fourth paper on "Oases," Percival Lowell brings to a conclusion his stimulating account of the planet Mars, leaving the reader with an agreeable sensation of having considered more things in the heavens than is his daily wont, and with a final remark that, though "he will probably never find his double anywhere, he is destined to discover any number of cousins scattered through space." Of the most important paper of the issue, "How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney-General;" we have already spoken at length.

—The *Century* emphasizes, by giving space to two papers on the single theme of the battle of the Yalu, the international importance of the struggle for sea-power in the Orient. Capt. Mahan's "Lessons" from the fight, while technical in character, carry instruction to laymen as well as seamen, and might profitably be conned by certain Congressional committees. He finds the Japanese victory simply as a naval engagement inconclusive, while, as regards systems, the result is "a drawn battle," Japan and China sharing the high-priced privilege of settling the wearisome contest waged by Jingo experts over guns versus armor. Apparently (until the next great sea slaughter) the rapid-fire gun of moderate calibre has established "its position as the greatest offensive power in naval warfare"; and armor, "thanks to the operation of causes carefully excluded in testing, has come out ahead when it was struck." The name of Sonya Kovalevsky will be sure to attract readers to the article by Isabel F. Hapgood. Miss Hapgood's account of this notable woman, the first to hold a university professorship in Europe, is full of interest, notwithstanding its unsympathetic conclusion and a marked determination to point the writer's own moral at the expense of the weaknesses, not unparalleled in masculine annals, of the famous subject of her sketch. Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "Reminiscences of Literary Berkshire" are of an old-fashioned order of wholly appreciative recollections of notabilities with whom a life-time of fortunate acquaintance has brought him in contact, and who have given to the country about Stockbridge, Lenox, and Pittsfield the atmosphere of personal association which makes its history no less attractive than its scenery. In "The Lilies of Nola" is pleasantly described and illustrated an Italian June festival with which few readers are likely to be familiar.

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—The two Fellowships in Classical Archæology, recently mentioned in these columns, offered for the year 1895-'96 by the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, have just been awarded. The successful applicants were Frank C. Babbitt, A.B. (1890) and Ph.D. (1895) at Harvard, and Herbert F. De Cou, A.B. (1888) and A.M. (1890) at the University of Michigan. Mr. De Cou was a student at the School at Athens in 1891-'92, and for the last three years has been an instructor in the University of Michigan. These fellowships, each of the value of $600, were awarded by a special committee, on the basis of such written evidence of fitness as the candidates were able to furnish. The showing made by the applicants was unexpectedly strong. This was gratifying, but it made the decision of the committee difficult. There were seventeen applicants, two of them women. These candidates had taken their first degree at thirteen different American colleges; four had received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by examination; six had studied abroad. Fifteen were teachers, five holding the rank of professor or assistant-professor. Twenty-four fellowships or scholarships had been held by them. Their studies had been carried on in twenty-one different colleges and universities, five in Germany included. Three applicants had previously been students at the School at Athens. All the applicants, except four, had done graduate work in some university of good reputation. In 1896-'97, and thereafter, the fellowships within the gift of the Managing Committee of the School at Athens will be awarded by competitive examination. The examination will be held, about the middle of May, at different colleges in this country, at Athens, and in northern Europe. Full information as to subjects, time, and place will be given in the next report of the Managing Committee, to be published in September or October of the present year. Special inquiries should be addressed to Prof. John Williams White, Chairman of the Committee on Fellowships, Cambridge, Mass.

—When a student at the School in 1891-'92, Mr. De Cou made an important discovery which furnishes another amusing instance of the disposition of the makers of books to draw on their predecessors for facts without verification. While making a careful study of the frieze of the choregic monument of Lysicrates, he discovered that the frieze would not square with the representations of it in the books. The original frieze naturally seemed to him to have the greater authority. He traced the error back through seven different works by authors of reputation, published between 1825 and 1890, and discovered that its source was the original publication of Stuart and Revett, in which two of the sheets containing the drawings had been misplaced, thus reversing the proper order of the figures! This set the original composition sadly askew, but the learned authors of the books never twigged the blunder—one of them, indeed, especially commended the *symmetry* shown in the composition of this portion of the relief. The deductions which Mr. De Cou was himself able to draw from a correct knowledge of the relief are of great importance.

—This quarter's instalment of the Oxford English Dictionary (Macmillan) leads us, under Dr. Murray's guidance, from *Deject* to *Depravation*—a tract, as he points out, so fully occupied by words of Latin origin largely taken over through the French that only ten out of 1,269 "main words" are of Old English origin. Of the borrowings, he cites eight words of very great utility, and it is noticeable that these all have a poetical capacity. Hatzfeld and Darmesteter's new French Dictionary now begins to be of obvious service as supplementing Littré for dates and etymology. French of derivation is *dentist*, and, as an innovation for the less comprehensive *tooth-drawer*, it was not acceptable to the purists of 1759; *dentistry* was a neologism as late as 1838. *Demoralize* and *denationalize* we owe to the French Revolution, but Noah Webster makes a prior claim to the former vocable. *Delimit* and *delimitation* are of the French of 1773, and, so far as appears, Gladstone was the first to avail himself of the verb, in 1852, and Sir H. Taylor of the noun, in 1836. *Delaine* was abbreviated from *mousseline de laine*, and how English writers and printers fumbled with it is shown in the forms *De Laine* (1849), *de-laine* (Dr. O. W. Holmes, 1860), and the now current *delaine*. *Depot* is fourteenth-century French, disregarded in English till the last decade of the eighteenth century, and still in a state of flux as respects both orthography and pronunciation. One may write *depot*, as in the earliest quotations and in common usage at the present day, or *depôt* or *dépôt;* and may pronounce as in French, or as day'po, dip'o, or deep'o. A similar uncertainty attends the derivates of *demagogue*—a word which we seem to have outstripped the French in adopting. *Fraser's Magazine* wrote *demagoguic* and *demagoguism* in 1831, affirming the hard *g;* Coleridge, ambiguously, *demagogic* in 1834; *Blackwood* preferred *demagogism* in 1824. And chiefly in this country is used *demagoguery*. *Demagoguish* or *demagogish* can be written, and *demagogy* pronounced, according to taste.

—The Latin prefix *de-* enters into the composition of the great majority of the words in this section of the Dictionary, and its primitive sense is often perverted. In "demereri," 'to merit, deserve,' it had an intensive force, and accordingly the earliest meaning attached to *demerit* in English was 'merit, desert'; but in this instance "in Romance the prefix appears to have been taken in a privative sense," and that influence presently engendered in our tongue a parallel and contemporary usage of 'desert in a bad sense, sin, offence,' which finally carried the day. In general, too, as an active element in forming compounds, the privative sense has come decidedly to the fore, and is naturally first hazarded in popular etymologizing. An unfamiliar word like *denigration*, for example, apart from the context, would perhaps suggest to most minds 'whitewashing' rather than 'blackening,' and the former meaning was plainly intended to be given to it by the scholarly J. H. Blunt in 1868, when, in a passage cited by Dr. Murray, he wrote the word with a hyphen ("de-nigration"). We may accordingly surmise that the ambiguity of *de-* has contributed to the obsolescence of longer forms like *depeculation* and *deperdition*, which the poets might have wished to retain for the sake of the extra syllable. And would it be a rash guess that the following is the original reading—afterwards, with his not always sober second thought, changed to *descending*—of the first stanza of Wordsworth's "Beggars"—

> "nor the hood
> Of that blue cloak which to her feet
> *Depended* with a graceful flow"?

This lection we do not find quoted by Dr. Murray, though it would have filled a gap in the historic chronology between Cowper and Jefferies, as likewise, by the way, would Lowell's "lone Inventor by his *demon* haunted"; and it would have been refreshing to meet with Cotton Mather's account of his father's last illness, that "he fell into an Apoplectic sort of *Deliquium*."

THE MORANT BAY TRAGEDY.

The Tragedy of Morant Bay: A Narrative of the Disturbances in the Island of Jamaica in 1865. By Edward Bean Underhill, LL.D., Honorary Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. London: Alexander & Shepheard. 1895. 8vo, pp. xix, 219.

THE Morant Bay Tragedy is the name given to the catastrophe at Jamaica by Dr. E. B. Underhill, a Baptist missionary who played a leading part on the side of humanity in those events, and now puts forth an apologetic narrative on his own behalf and that of his order. That man must be an historical optimist indeed who can see in the transportation of the negro to the New World a step in a beneficent evolution. Hayti and the war of secession proclaimed the ban of nature and morality on the slave trade. Nor will the cup of wrath have been drained till the problem of the South has been solved and the lynchings cease. England may be said to have escaped materially with a fine of a hundred and fifty millions of dollars. But she suffered morally by her unhallowed acquisition. The wealth which West Indian proprietors brought her was unblessed. They were as a class vulgar and luxurious plutocrats, socially less desirable than are the returned colonial millionaires of the present day, while they could not fail to be somewhat tainted in character by the evil source of their wealth. Of one of them the story was current that, seeing some of his guests, after a grand entertainment, at a loss about their conveyances, he waved his hand and said, "Bring round more carriages and four."

That the work of West Indian emancipation was, on the whole, well done and set a good example to the world, none but an Anglophobe will deny. In this case there was, what in the case of slavery in the United States there was not, a superior power to enact the measure and dictate the terms. Nor was it a power unfavorable to the negro; for in England the black man, having there never borne the brand of slavery, was regarded not with contempt or aversion, but rather as an object of sympathy or amused curiosity, and, when brought by the West Indian proprietor as a servant, was well received in the servants' hall. While the Governor of a Southern State is forced publicly to apologize for having inadvertently admitted a black man to his table, a leading club in London has admitted a coal-black African bishop as its guest. Unfortunately the British Government did not understand, and, perhaps, with such lights as it had in those days, could hardly be expected to understand, the social and political situation which, by emancipating the blacks, it had created. When two races, a stronger and a weaker, are brought together, the only effectual security for peace and equity is the balance of justice held by the hand of a superior and impartial power. Representative government in Jamaica was sure to lead to a strife of races, to the oppression of the weaker race, to insurrection when oppression passed endurance, and in the end to some such tragedy as that of Morant Bay.

The whites, as might have been expected, got power, both legislative and judicial, into their own hands and used it in their own interests as

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a race. Representative institutions were in fact a mockery. In 1864 the number of persons qualified to vote for the forty-seven members of the House of Assembly was only 1,903, and the number of actual voters only 1,457, out of a population of 436,000. Secretaries for the Colonies deplored the lack of regard for the interests of the black people evinced in Jamaican legislation, and the exclusion of the bulk of the population from the suffrage, without seeing, or at least without doing, what was necessary to avert disaster. To the black peasantry the legislative and judicial firmament was brass and iron. Their discontent had been increased by bad seasons. They had a leader in George William Gordon, a half-caste, married to an English wife, a man of property, religious, and of fair repute. They had advocates in the Baptist missionaries, who were afterwards accused of stirring up disaffection because they had tried to obtain redress of the grievances which were its cause. Under these auspices they had been holding meetings; but no evidence of anything like a conspiracy or even of combination among them was ever produced. The riot at Morant Bay which fired the mine was local and accidental. It arose out of the arbitrary conduct of the district Custos, or Justice of the Peace. A mob gathered and assaulted the police. The volunteers were called out, fired on the mob, and killed or wounded a number of them. The mob being armed, a combat ensued in which twenty persons, volunteers and others, including the Custos and an Anglican clergyman who had made himself much hated, were slain by the mob, while thirty-four of the party were allowed to escape. A wave of disturbance spread over the adjoining district; but after the first affray only one white was killed, though for three days the blacks were in possession of that angle of the island. That the blacks had mutilated bodies, flayed one man, roasted another alive, disembowelled a third, and put out the eyes of a fourth, were the wild imaginings of white panic. Not a single woman or child suffered, and the suggestion that the women were spared only for worse horrors was perfectly gratuitous. A small body of regular troops would soon have restored order, and the Governor had ample force, military and naval, at his command.

It is but justice to British governors to say that in such circumstances they have usually borne themselves well. In the case of the Sepoy mutiny the Governor-General of India, Lord Canning, saved the honor of England by nobly controlling the sanguinary panic of the dominant race. But Edward John Eyre, the Governor of Jamaica, was an unhappy exception to the character of his class. Dr. Underhill, wishing to be candid, says that Eyre came with benevolent intentions. The intentions of most men are benevolent till their evil passions get the upper hand. Instead of attempting to control the panic rage of the whites, Eyre threw himself headlong into it, and gave the signal for a murderous reign of terror which has left a deep and ineffaceable stain on the honor of his country.

In a few days the insurrection was at an end. Not the slightest stand was ever made against the troops. On the 20th of October, Gov. Eyre certified under his own hand that the rebellion had been crushed, and that all the principal persons concerned in the outrages had been killed or captured. Yet on that very day fifty-one men and women were tried and hanged, and the reign of terror went on for twenty-five more days, with an average during three weeks of eighteen executions a day. Altogether four hundred and thirty-nine men and women were put to death, and the number flogged could not have been less than six hundred. Out of the four hundred and thirty-nine put to death, three hundred and twenty-six were executed on and after the 20th of October. The hangings went on till the thirty-fourth day (nearly five weeks) from the outbreak. The floggings were awfully severe; a hundred lashes was a common number for men and thirty for women. One of the officers employed officially notes that "the writhing and intense agony of the lash is dreadful to witness." Wire was twined with the whips. Of those who were flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails many were women, on the simple charge of stealing. Among them was a woman with child. In hardly any case was there the shadow of evidence of guilt or even a decent form of judicial investigation. To complete the scene of devilry, the savage Maroons were called in and let loose upon the peasantry. By the ferocious exultation with which the atrocities were committed and the language held in glorification of them, the perpetrators showed that they were actuated not merely by wild panic but by murderous hatred and contempt of the inferior race. Conspicuous for cowardly ferocity, even among these butchers and torturers, was Ramsay, the Provost-Marshal, who wore the Victoria Cross. Among his exploits was the execution of George Marshall, a colored man who, on bare suspicion that he had stolen some woollen goods, was, by Ramsay's order, tied to a gun and flogged. On receiving the forty-seventh or forty-eighth lash, when his back was like a piece of raw flesh, bleeding profusely, the victim turned round and ground his teeth. Ramsay ordered him at once to be hanged. He was taken down, thrown on his back, his hands and feet tied, a rope put over his head and thrown over a rail, and "he was twisted up as you would a barrel of flour." He had no drop. After he had been suspended three minutes, a huge stone was taken and put between his arms which were tied behind him. The Provost Marshal then said, "Take him from the gun and hang him." A thousand cottages of the peasantry were burned in the mere wantonness of hatred.

The case of William Gordon stands apart. There was personal enmity of the bitterest kind between him and Governor Eyre, whose measures Gordon, as champion of the blacks, had often opposed in the Assembly. In connection with the quarrel, Eyre had drawn on himself a rebuke from the Colonial Secretary for irrelevant aspersions of private character. Gordon had nothing whatever to do with the rising at Morant Bay. At the time he was at Kingston, many miles away. His friends advised him to withdraw. But he, conscious of his innocence, refused. Hearing that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, he voluntarily gave himself up. Kingston was not under martial law. Eyre himself put Gordon on shipboard, carried him to Morant Bay, where martial law prevailed, and handed him over to the court-martial which was sitting there. The prisoner was tried and condemned to death by a court of reckless butchers with every circumstance of insolence, injustice, and cruelty; and the sentence was executed with the special and personal approbation of Governor Eyre. A Royal Commission pronounced afterwards that there was no sufficient proof either of Gordon's complicity in the outbreak at Morant Bay, or of his being a party to general conspiracy against the Government; and the Chief Justice of England condemned the whole proceeding as illegal. It seems impossible to designate the act of Governor Eyre in thus taking the life of his personal enemy under the abused forms of martial law as anything but murder.

The friends of humanity in England, headed by Bright and Mill, forming themselves into a committee, did their best to obtain justice and purge the honor of their country. They were, of course, denounced by the Tories and Jingoes as traitors to the empire, and they would have freely avowed that they cared little for empire if it was not to be an empire of law. Their efforts had but a very limited measure of success. All attempts to bring Eyre to trial for the death of Gordon were frustrated by Toryism and Jingoism, which, predominating in London grand juries and aristocratic Courts of Quarter Sessions, had power to bar the gates of justice. The State Church played her usual part—the part which, as Burke tells us, she played at the time of the American Revolution, as the pious handmaid of arbitrary power. The evangelical clergy of the Establishment, few in number, were inclined to the side of Christianity; but the bulk of the order showed their political sympathy with Eyre, while the Nonconformist ministers as a class took the better part. A bishop signed the manifesto in Eyre's favor, and the church-bells of a country parson were rung when the Quarter Sessions refused to commit. Carlyle's set, including Ruskin, were, of course, on the side of sanguinary violence, which they mistook for force, while morally it was the extreme of weakness. Kingsley specially distinguished himself by the part he took in a complimentary banquet to Eyre, as he had before by his conspicuous apostasy on the subject of American slavery at the time of secession. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in a charge to the grand jury of London, vindicated the principles of personal liberty against the abominable doctrines of martial law proclaimed on the bench by Judge Blackburn and supported in Parliament by Disraeli and the Jingoes. The Jamaica Committee did not want Eyre hanged, but they did want to have it established that a Governor of a Colony who put a man to death without law should answer for his act at the bar of Imperial justice.

The Government sent out a Commission of Inquiry, whose report, whitewashing as it was, could not fail to record indisputable facts. Governor Eyre was suspended and was not reappointed. Cockburn's charge and the removal of Eyre were the sum of the success achieved by the Jamaica Committee. In Jamaica, Ramsay was brought to trial, but was of course acquitted by the white jury, and stalked out of court with his Victoria Cross upon his breast. The best result of the catastrophe was the abolition of the Jamaica Constitution and the resumption of a tutelary power by the Imperial Government. Since that time, if the island has not prospered, there has been peace between the races.

This history is full of important warning, not only with regard to the race problem in the South, but in regard to the future of Africa, for the possession of which the European powers are now scrambling, too regardless of the existence of the large native population. Before, the black man was transported to the home of the white; now, the white man is settling in the home of the black. The exploits of Stanley are in themselves enough to show that the tragedy of Morant Bay is not likely to be the last of the series. To future British governors and to British settlers gene-

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rally in Africa Dr. Underhill's history may be a salutary warning.

BIRD-LORE AT HELIGOLAND.

Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory: The Result of Fifty Years' Experience. By Heinrich Gätke. Translated by Rudolph Rosenstock. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1895. Royal 8vo, pp. xii, 599, 2 portraits and other illustrations.

HELIGOLAND is the magnetic pole of the bird-world, and few ornithologists can remember a time when it was not an observing-station in charge of a keeper, now in his eighty-third year, who has stood during half a century a unique figure in our annals—a sort of Pharos, not less conspicuous than the beacon on the island itself, steadily throwing light on that "way of the eagle in the air" which the wise man of old declared to be a mystery. This volume is the mature fruit of experiences unparalleled in the life of any single observer, and what Herr Gätke has not learned of bird-migration is known to no one. Billions of birds have winged their way in the eyes of one man, and sounded in his ears the messages they bore; if there be any mystery left, then some of the problems are insoluble, and full explanation of such phenomena is, as of yore, forbidden fruit in the ornithological garden. Sciolists who have written books upon what they do not know about flight and migration will find that the schoolmaster is abroad, with ruthless iconoclasm; but those whose experiences are ripest and soundest will prize this book most highly, for it will justify their own confessions of ignorance, while it confirms them in all they have well and truly learned.

Heligoland is the most peculiarly situated and most successfully operated ornithological observatory on the face of the globe—this little three-cornered island in the German Ocean, hardly more than a mile on its longest side—a mere red rock, flat-topped and steep-sided, with a low white sandspit at one end, and bare but for greensward. A more unpromising place could hardly be imagined for anything beyond a fair sprinkling of sea-birds the year around, and moderate migrations in spring and fall. But the name means "holy land," and all good birds go to this Mecca at least once in their lives, or perish in the attempt to reach it; there is no Heligoland but this one, and Gätke is its prophet. At least it would seem so when we scan the record and find that birds have flown from every quarter of the globe to swell the most remarkable list ever drawn up for a single isolated locality of no considerable extent and no obvious attractions. To be sure, it includes no ostriches or cassowaries; but the penguin or the hummingbird would hardly be more miraculous than some of the epiphanies actually witnessed.

To appreciate the Heligolandish ornis aright, in comparison with a thousand other local avifaunæ, we must first eliminate Gätke's personal equation, by making due allowance for the exceptional length of time this extraordinary observer has conducted his researches. A like period would give any local list—say of Central Park in this city—an amplitude few ornithologists picture to themselves, accustomed as they are to records of 200 to 300 species in fairly favored continental localities. But Gätke's total of 397 for such a small sterile spot as his island is far from being due entirely to his own ability as an observer and his long experience. As Heligoland has yielded nearly half as many species as have ever been ascertained to occur in the whole continent of North America, and as comparisons would show similar numerical proportions in the cases of other large areas, the discrepancy must be sought neither in Gätke himself nor in the physiography of his station, but in the geographical position of Heligoland with reference to *Zugstrassen*—as the Germans call the lines of ebb and flow of the bird-tides—and in the surrounding conditions which make this rock a way-station where feathered travellers stop for rest and refreshment. In calling this island literally a magnetic pole, or figuratively a Mecca, we refer to the wholly exceptional attraction it seems to have for birds *en route*, whether they be migrants in their regular courses or wanderers which have lost their way in the air.

For hardly any birds belong to Heligoland, except the ubiquitous sparrow; few seek to breed on the island, and fewer still to stay the year around. The breeders and residents together are wholly insignificant in comparison with the regular migrants, whether we count the species of the latter, or attempt to estimate the astounding multitudes of individuals by which they are represented. Then again, in the cases of such migrants, the numbers of land-birds which descend upon this sea-girt rock are out of all usual proportion to the waders and swimmers which we should expect, and which do in fact occur. Finally, the percentage of stragglers from far-distant lands which have actually visited the island is extraordinary; there is no record of any other place which compares with Heligoland in this respect. For example, sixteen distinctively North American species figure in the list—nine of them land birds, and nine of them also birds which have never been seen in England; and many other species, not less characteristic of Ethiopian and Oriental faunal areas than the sixteen are of the Nearctic region, also claim what Herr Gätke calls "honorary citizenship" of Heligoland. Such stragglers outnumber all the other species combined—200 to 197.

Consideration in detail of all such cases, and of all the rest that go to make up the "Four Hundred" of bird-society in this very select island, occupies about three-fourths of the book—p. 165 to the end. This "account of the birds observed in Heligoland" really goes back of the author's half-century, into the twenties; for his own observations are supplemented by still earlier ones of some of the fowlers and gunners with whom he has been so long associated. Bird-catching and bird-shooting have been for many years among the regular and profitable industries of the islanders, especially during the seasons of migration; they have occasioned legal enactments, and some curious customs, as that of the "first woodcock"; and some of the feathered prizes which have from time to time enriched the cabinet of the great ornithologist, were brought to him by others whose birdcraft was second only to his own unequalled acquirements. We cannot go into particulars here; we simply witness the fidelity with which the long record has been kept, and the precision with which it has been finally rendered, without a trace of flagging interest or failing powers which an octogenarian might be forgiven for betraying; and if the contemporary of a Blasius and a Naumann retains the nomenclature to which all the German ornithologists were accustomed in his youth, he is fortunate in a translator who supplies a modern terminology in rendering a faithful English version.

The interesting points to which we have thus called attention are of less consequence, as a contribution to science, than the treatise on flight and migration which occupies about one-fourth of this remarkable book. Under the exceptional circumstances already noted, Herr Gätke speaks with preëminent authority in all that relates to the facts in the case; and such experiences as his give an almost *ex-cathedra* character to his utterances—though that is exactly what his modesty never claims for the views he advances, as distinguished from his statements of fact. The subject has engaged the attention of uncounted writers; and the very excellence of Gätke's contribution to its elucidation certifies that he has not said the last word, for it reopens the whole question and will be sure to stimulate renewed discussion. The author considers: the course of migration generally in Heligoland; direction of the migration flight; altitude of the migration flight; velocity of the migration flight; meteorological conditions which influence migration; order of migration according to sex and age; exceptional migration phenomena; what guides birds during their migrations; and the cause of the migratory movement. We rise from the study of these chapters with two strong suspicions—first, that we knew nothing about migration before, and, second, that Herr Gätke knows entirely too much for our peace of mind and his own. Have such as Middendorf and Palmén and Marey written in vain? Are isepipteses, magnetic meridians, coast lines, food supply, breeding impulses, homing instincts, inherited memory, all of them idols, to be smashed by an arch-iconoclast who sticks to his facts and leaves us at the mercy of our fables? Instead of north and south movements in all cases, we are confronted with others' due east and west. Instead of the millions we supposed we might reckon in the tidal waves of some birds, we are told of billions—of such incalculable myriads flying past one rock that all the destruction human agency could effect in all time would be imperceptible in the aggregate. Some fly at altitudes untold if not undreamed of before, with velocities that seem incredible—miles high in the air, across the Atlantic in nine hours from Newfoundland to Ireland; and among such are tender little land-birds we ordinarily see hopping about bushes. Barometric and hygrometric conditions influence migrations to such an extent that we begin to believe that what the Roman haruspices thought of birds as weather-prophets was short of the truth. Birds in the water alter their specific gravity to an unsuspected extent, in some unexplained way; birds in the air do as much; and some of their modes of flight, notably sailing and towering, are absolutely in defiance of much that has been alleged and believed. But Gätke insists upon his facts, gives our theories over to the winds, and has none of his own. For example, what guides birds during their migration? This is his answer (p. 142):

"Having thus examined the many various attempts made to explain the wonderful faculty possessed by migrants of discovering the right path of their migration, and shown how insufficient most of them are when confronted with actual facts, observed directly in nature, in the course of more than fifty years' investigations, and at a spot so favored as Heligoland, I cannot say that I feel encouraged to add further to the number of such attempts by others of my own."

This reminds us of the adage about fools and angels, and suggests the paraphrase, that some ornithologists rush in where a bird would fear to fly. We will hear a wise one again (p. 148):

"Both in regard to this question as to the

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immediate departure of birds on their migrations, as well as in reference to that propounded in the previous chapter [just cited], we are confronted with a riddle which has hitherto defied every attempt at a solution, and which, indeed, we may hardly expect will ever be likely to receive a final explanation. Long and profound study has been devoted to the subject in many quarters, and has resulted in the enunciation of several very ingenious and plausible hypotheses. None of these, however, will stand their ground when the actual facts, which the life of birds in nature presents in such abundance, are marshalled against them. . . . In treating of the various momenta of the migratory flight, we have striven as much as possible to place before the reader only such facts as are beyond question or criticism, but no attempt has been made to furnish a solution of the wide problems which they involve. In thus abstaining from setting forth new theories I have been guided by the conviction, rendered firmer with increasing knowledge of the phenomena, that what at present has been ascertained in reference to the migration of birds furnishes us with no clue by the aid of which we are enabled to penetrate the depths of this wondrous mystery."

This is serious enough to make some authors we could name turn over in their graves and prick up their ears. It is distinctly a challenge to the present generation, some of whom have more or less reputation for sagacity to maintain.

We cannot close an already protracted review without noticing one important chapter, in a different field of research, concerning color-changes of plumage without moult. This is a phenomenon to which Schlegel called particular attention in 1852, with the result of exciting much discussion of his then novel views. It is better known now under Coues's name of aptosochromatism, but the subject is far from being exhausted. Gätke finds the processes more complicated than would appear at first sight, as there are various ways in which the change may be effected in different birds, in the same bird at different seasons, in different feathers of the same bird, and even in different parts of the same feather. The two factors, variable pigmentation and changes in the shape and texture of feathers with wear and tear of the plumage, are known to be mainly concerned; but the numerous details of these processes which may be observed in various cases offer an inviting field for further research. Aptosochromatism is not a subject of special difficulty, or one that requires exceptional training for its successful examination, but simply a matter of careful, patient, and protracted observation. It is one in which some bright young ornithologist might win enviable laurels if he would take time enough to study a sufficient amount of material, and avoid those hasty generalizations to which youth is prone.

It is not probable that Gätke's work will be widely known in this country, and interest in Heligoland is not sufficiently widespread to warrant the republication of the whole book. But the American Ornithologists' Union would do well to see if some arrangement could not be made to reprint for their own use the chapters on migration and color-changes.

VINCENT'S COMING CONTINENT.

Actual Africa, or, The Coming Continent: A Tour of Exploration. By Frank Vincent. With map and illustrations. D. Appleton & Co. 1895. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 541.

MR. FRANK VINCENT has closed his exceptional career as a traveller by the circumnavigation of Africa. During this journey of 65,000 miles, which lasted three years, he touched at nearly every important port on the continent, besides making several extensive trips into the interior. He seems to have travelled in a leisurely, comfortable way, as if neither time nor money were of any account, and we attribute his wonderful immunity from sickness—a sharp attack of Malagasy fever, ill omen for the French, he did not escape—in great part to his freedom from the worry arising from haste. The story of this journey is told in an unusually entertaining way, although it was without exciting incidents or adventures. Mr. Vincent's happy faculty of describing the little details of a traveller's life will enable most readers to realize unfamiliar scenes more vividly than would pages of elaborate description. He endeavors, also, to give some idea of the commercial and industrial resources of the places visited, together with historical information about them, as well as to picture the dress, dwellings, and customs of the people. Into the deeper questions of their race, religion, and capacity for development he does not enter, possibly from lack of space. As it is, the size of the volume will prove, we fear, a deterrent to the hasty reader of to-day. It would have been wiser, in our judgment, to divide it into three, giving a separate volume to the author's travels in North Africa and Egypt, in Madagascar and South Africa, and in Angola and the Congo Free State, respectively.

Mr. Vincent began his journey at Tangier in October, 1891, and passed through northern Morocco and Algeria to Tunis. As he did not leave the beaten track so fully and frequently described of late, there is nothing especially noteworthy in his account. Tripoli is more rarely visited, but this town presented no distinctive feature, except its closeness to the desert. "In twenty minutes after leaving the city we had reached the edge of the desert—a vast, smoothly undulating surface of fine sand and small stones. There was not even a weed in sight." Nor does the detailed description of the Nile trip by steamer to Wady Halfa call for comment. From Egypt our author went direct to Mauritius and Madagascar without touching at any of the Red Sea ports. This prevented his seeing the Italian colony of Eritrea, Abyssinia, or the British possessions in Somali-land, the only important and easily accessible parts of the continent, we may add, which he omitted to visit.

Madagascar was crossed from Tamatave on the east coast by way of the capital to Majunga on the Mozambique Channel. A graphic description is given of this journey, which was made by means of the national conveyance, the filanzana, a canvas chair swung between two poles and borne on the shoulders of four men. There seem to have been no difficulties beyond what the execrable paths (roads there were none) in the mountain region occasioned. The coast district was uninviting, malarious, and thinly inhabited, but the high land in the interior was more inviting. Little clusters of villages, with houses having "sharply pitched grass roofs, the ridge-poles being ornamented by pretty little pillars," were to be seen. Near Antananarivo were brown meadows, cultivated fields, threshing-floors, pits for fattening cattle, little roadside bazaars, numerous churches, streams bordered with great flat rice-fields, or plains on which were large herds of sleek-looking cattle. One town through which Mr. Vincent passed was "surrounded by gardens of coffee, tea, manioc, bananas, sugar-cane, and peaches." The capital consists of 16,000 houses, mostly of stone and sun-dried bricks, built on streets or pathways, many of which are "little better than great rough gullies." The most interesting spectacle was the great Friday market held in a large open space on the side of a hill, where were innumerable rows of little grass-thatched booths, containing English and American cotton goods, articles of native manufacture, and great quantities of fruit. In one corner was the slave-market, where about fifty slaves, "of both sexes and all ages, were squatting in a long row against a wall, and would-be purchasers simply stood looking at them and asking them questions: there was no physical examination, no tests applied." They seemed happy and contented, and were apparently well treated by their owners. Mr. Vincent did not see the Queen, but he had an interview with her husband, the Prime Minister, whom he describes as a slight man "with a fine head, a high, broad, and prominent brow, and bright, piercing eyes"; quiet and dignified in manner. In their short conversation he referred to the fact "that the United States had always been friendly to Madagascar, a feeling which he cordially reciprocated and hoped might always endure."

The fortified posts on the route which the French expedition has taken, and over which Mr. Vincent passed to the coast, were at that time (September, 1892) "in a sadly dilapidated condition and the moats full of trees." A battalion of soldiers which he met were armed with modern rifles, but "they wore no distinctive uniform, and most of them used their rifles to carry their kit at one end and their ammunition at the other." Shortly before reaching the coast, Mr. Vincent visited a gold-mine worked by a Frenchman who pays fifty-five per cent. of the gold to the Government, which in return provides the laborers. "A Hova official will go to a village, impress every man, woman, and child there, and send them away to work at the mines." This forced labor is greatly dreaded by the natives, who have generally deserted this part of the country for the desolate mountain region, where many of them lead the life of banditti. Criminals also are compelled to labor in the mines and in chains. Formerly three or four thousand workmen were employed, but at the time of Mr. Vincent's visit there were only eight hundred, owing to the difficulty of obtaining men. The product of the mines is not stated, though the gold is said to be "nearly the purest in the world." The port Majunga, formerly important on account of the slave-trade, had lost most of its inhabitants and was quite dead commercially.

At Zanzibar Mr. Vincent is again on very familiar ground, and his trip from that place down the coast, touching at the various ports, is without special interest. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon his account of Johannesburg and Kimberley, through which he passed on his way from Durban to Cape Town. In order to reach the Portuguese possessions on the west coast he was obliged to go to Madeira, this being "the only part (save that between Tripoli and Alexandria) of the whole 16,000 miles of African sea-coast not served by several lines and nationalities of steamers." This *détour* enables him to devote two chapters to a description of Funchal, the Canary Islands, and a mid-winter ascent of the peak of Teneriffe. Following these is the account of an excursion of some five hundred miles into the interior of the province of Angola, during which he visited some extensive coffee and sugar-plantations. The Portuguese are displaying considerable energy in developing the rich natural resources of this region, but they are hampered, not so much by lack of means, as they assert, but by the fact

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that one of the principal industries, if not the chief, is distilling. As no restriction is laid on the sale of liquor to the natives, it is not surprising to read that in Benguela (and the same was apparently true of all the other towns), Mr. Vincent was struck with "the frequency of the native rum-shops and their great number of noisy patrons."

The most interesting as well as the most valuable part of Mr. Vincent's book is the chapters devoted to the Congo Free State. These give ample testimony to the work which the Belgians have accomplished in the ten years of its existence. At Kinchassa, for instance, the principal post of the Belgian Commercial Company, on Stanley Pool, "a large square was nearly covered with bundles of rubber, and a peep into a warehouse disclosed a great pile of tusks of ivory. Gangs of blacks, superintended by whites, were carrying boxes and bales of goods and provisions down to some steamers about to depart up the river. Here was a busy scene of men at work on the steamers, and in the shops, from which came the noise of forges, of hammers and saws, like that of great shipyards at home." Here the traveller can take passage on one of the fleet of forty-two steamers on the upper river for Stanley Falls or for Lusambo on the Sankuru, 1,500 miles from the Atlantic. Mr. Vincent chose the latter, his ticket for the round trip costing him 300 francs. This does not include food or a cabin, which are 20 francs a day additional. This voyage up the river gave him an admirable opportunity of observing how civilization is being carried into the heart of the continent. His account impresses us with the immensity of the country and its comparative solitude. There were apparently days when no villages were to be seen. In other places, especially on a river which was ascended on this voyage for the first time, "villages followed one another in quick succession, and there were immense tracts covered almost wholly with oil-palms." Elephants too were numerous on this river, four being killed from the deck of the steamboat. Notwithstanding the number of stations scattered throughout the state—and there are apparently more than a hundred, not including the missionary stations, of which there are thirty, manned by upwards of one hundred missionaries—there are no evidences of colonization or a permanent settlement. These stations are mere factories for barter with the natives, and the reader cannot at times repress the thought that there is something unsubstantial about it, and that the fabric which has been so suddenly raised might vanish away as speedily. There can be little doubt, from the latest accounts, that too much has been attempted, and that the resources of the state are well-nigh exhausted, while the returns from the trade in rubber and ivory and the other products of the Congo Basin are still comparatively insignificant.

The closing chapters of this entertaining book are upon the Cameroons, the Niger Territory, and the Guinea Coast. They are chiefly concerned with historical and statistical information about the various colonies. In the statement that Cape Juby "now belongs to France" the author is in error. It was the site of an English factory which was transferred to Morocco by treaty last winter. The illustrations, taken from photographs, are admirable, and add much to the value of the book. There is a useful map and an excellent index.

The Life and Writings of Turgot. Edited for English readers by W. Walker Stephens. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

Mr. Rae justified his 'Life of Adam Smith,' which we recently reviewed, by the plea that it was a hundred years since Dugald Stewart's eulogy of that philosopher had appeared; and Mr. Stephens reminds us that the only Life of Turgot in English is the translation of Condorcet's work, published in London in 1787 and now extremely rare. But it is unnecessary to offer any apology in either case. The times in which we live afford a sufficient justification. From our point of view no more wholesome work can be done than to diffuse information concerning these older economists as widely as possible. The benevolent impulses are strong in this generation, and philanthropy is fast drawing to its support all the sanctions of religion. The improvement of the general condition of mankind, however, is an enterprise of such comprehensive character as to require thorough training on the part of those who would engage in it, and the lives of two of the greatest benefactors of the race are the best of lessons for the social reformer. Very many, perhaps most, of those who are engaged in philanthropical work, exhibit a marked disposition to call upon Government to interfere in the dealings of its subjects, and to regulate by the strong arm of the law the terms of their contracts and the conditions of their lives. It would be ungracious, if not unreasonable, to question the sincerity of people who devote their time and their money to the elevation of their fellow-creatures; but it is neither ungracious nor unreasonable to ask them to obtain all the light that experience can afford before they invoke the power of the law to enforce their ideals.

Although Adam Smith had a keen eye for practical matters, and possessed a remarkable acquaintance with the details of the arts, he was not properly a "man of affairs." He lived for many years in retirement, and his influence was mainly posthumous. Turgot was also of a modest and retiring disposition, but he was, during most of his life, intensely active as a judge and a ruler over men. He was thoroughly educated, according to the standards of the day, at the Sorbonne, and had such family influence as would have secured his advancement in the church. But, although poor, he decided that he could best serve his fellowmen by engaging directly in the administration of Government. His clerical friends and comrades protested at such disregard of his own interests, and pointed out that he could have his choice of excellent abbeys and was sure in good time to obtain a rich bishopric. But he declared it impossible for him to give himself up, all his life, "to wearing a mask," and took a comparatively humble position as a magistrate.

The spirit in which he discharged the duties of his position for nearly ten years is shown by a single anecdote. It fell to him to decide upon the case of a subordinate revenue officer, accused of some malversation; and as there seemed little doubt of the man's guilt, while the penalty provided by the law was excessively severe, Turgot, in the goodness of his heart, postponed action as long as possible. But when he took up the case, he found that the charge was baseless, and, having ascertained the amount of income lost by the accused pending the process, he made it up to him out of his own pocket, explaining that it was done as an act not of generosity but of justice. We should be glad to believe that our judges are similarly conscientious concerning the losses suffered by poor litigants from legal delays; but such anecdotes are not prominent in the annals of the bar.

As De Tocqueville points out, the Government of France was, before the Revolution, in the hands of "thirty tyrants," the intendants of the provinces. It had been the ambition of Turgot to administer one of these offices, and at the age of thirty-four he was appointed to the intendancy of Limoges. Owing to the poverty of the soil, the oppression of Government, and the ignorance of the peasantry, Limousin was perhaps the poorest province of France. The inhabitants barely escaped starvation in good years, living for six months upon chestnuts and the rest of the year on black bread; and the frequent failures of the crops were invariably followed by famine. After thirteen years of the most arduous labor, marked not less by kindliness than by sagacity, Turgot left the province with the finest roads in France, with free trade in grain, with an infinitely improved administration, and with such enlarged industries as promised to avert famine for the future. He had abolished the *corvées* for the highways and for military transportation; he had organized charities; he had established bureaus of employment, of relief, bakeries, eating-houses, and sewing-schools. He had reformed the system of conscription and put a stop to the practice of billeting the soldiery upon the people. He had introduced the culture of clover, lucern, and sainfoin, and, most important of all, the potato. He had disseminated the principles of veterinary science, and had even improved the practice of midwifery.

As to the manner in which all this was accomplished, Mr. Stephens is not so explicit as we could have wished. That Turgot's methods were despotic is only saying that he exercised the customary powers of intendants; but that his motives were pure is shown by all his acts. He might have secured other intendancies where the emoluments were far greater and the difficulties much less; but he preferred to devote himself to the poor peasantry whose rescue he had undertaken, rather than to let them fall back into the misery from which he was raising them.

The achievements of Turgot as Comptroller-General of Finances belong, as Mr. Morley says, "to the general history of France." For that reason it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. The whole country was steeped in aristocratic and religious prejudice, and the network of privilege was almost inconceivably minute in its ramifications. What would be thought at the present day of a minister that should propose to have ships of war built in a foreign country, because they could be built there for three-fifths of their cost at home? Yet this is but one example of the audacious reforms proposed and actually instituted by Turgot. Of course he had the whole world against him. He failed, and the Revolution was the consequence; but all the beneficial results of the Revolution would have been secured by following his plans, and most of its mischievous consequences would have been averted. It pleased the gods to have it otherwise, but the policy of Turgot stands justified by the event. It may be summed up in one word—Freedom. The abolition of exemptions and privileges, the suppression of monopolies and sinecure offices, the revocation of all laws restraining free trade, free intercourse, and free labor, the reduction of governmental expenditures—these were the great aims of this statesman, of whom it might truly be said that he was "one of Plutarch's men." And, if

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we may venture a somewhat abrupt descent, our modern reformers may be pleased to learn that he arranged that his domestic servants should be lodged as comfortably as himself.

We cannot say that Mr. Stephens has been fortunate in his selections from Turgot's writings. Compositions upon the advances of the human mind and sketches of universal history are seldom profitable reading even when the work of brilliant young men. We could have spared these, if we could have had fuller particulars of Turgot's methods of administration. But we are grateful to Mr. Stephens for what he has given us, and we commend to all philanthropists the Life of the statesman of whom Mr. Morley says: "It was no small proof of originality and enlightenment to precede Adam Smith by ten years in the doctrines of free trade, of free industry, of loans on interest, of the constitutive elements of price, of the effects of the division of labor, and of the processes of the formation of capital."

The Principles of the Critical Philosophy: Introduction to the Theory of Science and Metaphysics. By Dr. A. Riehl, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Freiburg i. B. Translated by Dr. Arthur Fairbanks, Lecturer on the Philosophy of Religion in the Divinity School of Yale University. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE are occasions on which a translator justly feels himself bound to literalness—to go abroad in the coat and trousers his original provides him with, whether they fit him or not. He may be supposed to heave a sigh of relief when, as in the case of the present addition to the "English and Foreign Philosophical Library," no such occasion exists. Dr. Fairbanks has felt justified, even at the expense of a certain gentle violence, in aiming at a "fit," and has achieved it. The book is rather better English than the writings at first hand of most of the Kantians of Great Britain and America.

About the propriety of translating it there can hardly be a question. It forms the third section of Riehl's well-known 'Der Philosophische Kriticismus und seine Bedeutung für die positive Wissenschaft,' and presents chapters on the Problem of Philosophy, the Limits and Presuppositions of Knowledge, the Origin and Concept of Experience, Darwinism and Transcendental Philosophy, Reality of the External World and Idealistic Theories, the Relation of Psychic Phenomena to Material Processes, Cosmological Problem of the Infinite, Necessity and Adaptation. These are discussed from the general point of view of post-Kantianism (the word is sufficiently vague!), and with the finished competence that one has learned to expect from academic Germany. It should be added that "certain minor changes and corrections" which will appear in the second edition (now preparing) of the original work, are here offered to the English-speaking public in advance.

The point at which Prof. Riehl lays his fingers most firmly on the unexpected—breaks most resolutely with his traditions—is the freedom of the will. He calls the attention of the reader to it in his preface. Determinists have always had to meet the objection that if the will is not free, responsibility is an illusion and an outrage—that if, for example, one couldn't help murdering, it is abominable to hang him for it. They have always replied that the abomination is with their opponents. If the will, they have said, is determinable by motives, holding one responsible for a line of conduct, punishing one in case of failure, is educatory, is one of the most intelligent and necessary devices known to society for accomplishing its ends, and stands as little in need of justification as the existence of a government and the assessment of taxes. But if the will is not determinable by motives, holding one responsible can accomplish no worthy end. If a man's conduct is not ruled by fixed motives—by his character—the fact that he murdered to-day is no evidence that he will murder again to-morrow; and the knowledge that he will be punished if he murders, can in no wise hinder him from doing so. Punishment, responsibility, on the hypothesis of indeterminism, becomes a matter of vindictiveness simply, of systematic malice and revenge. But Prof. Riehl goes a step further. He holds that responsibility is not only reasonable and fair on the deterministic theory, but that it is not even intelligible on any other, for on the doctrine of free will to whom can you trace the action? Whom can you hold responsible as the cause of it?

"The character of the actor? That cannot be the cause of the action if the will is really to be free, free in the sense of indeterminism. The circumstances of the external world? They belong to the external world, and are governed by its laws. Perhaps the motive, *i. e.*, the mode in which those circumstances affect the actor? But this mode itself evidently presupposes a predetermined character of the actor, because it betrays the essential constitution of this character even more immediately than the action itself. A free being can have no predetermined, no definite character, for the most essential mark of character is persistence; but a free being can change his character constantly, and without reason. If I attempted to make such a being guilty of an evil action, and give him credit for a good one, he might meantime become a different being."

The point to which the translator calls attention as especially instructive to English readers (he mentions others besides)—Prof. Riehl's theory of the immediate perception of an external world—is not, we think, so well chosen. Inferior as the English philosophers not uncommonly were in a knowledge of the literature of their subject, against the points they attacked they brought a battery of logic—a dialectic scrupulosity and fight-to-the-finish—that one looks for in vain even in the best German things. To go, on any question of ethics or of the Perception of an External World, from the British Isles to Germany is like retreating from a deadly cut-and-thrust to martial evolutions and salutes at long range. "The facts of consciousness," says Prof. Riehl (p. 153), "cannot be understood by themselves; it is necessary to assume a reality on which consciousness is dependent. We know consciousness only as a phenomenon of life connected with an organism." It is a remark that lost its point a hundred and fifty years ago. He speaks of perceiving the external object just as it is. Hylas was enticed one peaceful morning shortly after sunrise into that specious position, and was driven from it in inextricable contradiction and confusion. Prof. Riehl's whole message on the subject is that the ego and the non-ego are given in the same pulse of consciousness—that we cannot know our own existence except as distinguished from a not-ourself. But the whole question is, whether they exist apart from consciousness and independently of it? Yes. Prof. Riehl says (p. 136): "What does not exist cannot enter into relation with anything, and what enters into a relation must have an independent existence. The relative existence of things as objects of consciousness presupposes absolute existence (existence independent of this relation)." But this would imply that a pain, or an emotion, or an illusion, or a fiction, or a hypothetical construction, or a "mistake" must have an existence independent of consciousness. The things related in consciousness must of course be real, but the very claim of idealists (done scant justice to by their opponents) is that mental states are the only realities.

Much more important for English thought (Dr. Fairbanks mentions it also) are Riehl's remarks on the social aspect of morality and experience. The original impulse of English speculation carried it to the doctrine of a multitude of separate individuals, "streams of thought," distinct universes, what you will—so many individuals, so many standards of truth, and goodness, and beauty. The debt it is to owe to Germany seems likely to be the perception that what is commonly called truth, virtue, and so on involves something more than this—a social convention. When the deliverances of the different individuals, the different standards, disagree (Prof. Riehl greatly exaggerates their consistency, and ridicules it as a preëstablished harmony of monads), the decision is left to a majority vote, and the minority if not large is apt to be confined in an asylum as lunatic, or in a workhouse as criminal, or in an æsthetic pillory as decadent or symbolist.

Selected Essays of James Darmesteter. The translations from the French by Helen B. Jastrow. Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

THIS volume was projected before the death of Prof. Darmesteter. It is doubly precious now, laid as a wreath upon his grave. Some of the articles it contains were written by Prof. Darmesteter in English, of which he had an easy mastery. That we pass from these to the translations without any sense of difference is all the praise that the translations need. The introductory Memoir is extremely brief. James was a younger brother of Arsène Darmesteter, also a distinguished scholar. The father was a poor Jewish bookbinder in Lorraine, who took his family to Paris in 1852, when James was three years old. Reared in the orthodox tradition, he departed from it widely in his maturity, but his early knowledge of the Hebrew Bible and the Talmud did much to fix the direction of his studies, nor did he ever escape the bias of his blood and early state. Only a Jew could write the studies we have here of Jewish prophecy and Jewish history, so enthusiastic, while so indifferent to the traditional dogma and cult. But it was in an Aryan, not a Semitic, field that he did his most monumental work—a translation, with commentary, of the Zend-Avesta, to which the French Academy gave a prize of 20,000 francs. The central conception of the Avesta, as of late origin and gradual growth, harmonizes well with the results of Kuenen and Wellhausen and others in Old Testament studies.

A great admirer of Renan, it was for James Darmesteter, as for his master, a necessity to put his thought into beautiful and effective literary form. But Renan was never allowed to guide his pen; the style is all his own. He was no intellectual recluse, but had his lighter studies—wrote poetry and admired that of Miss Mary Robinson, translating it in 1888, whence a lofty friendship, bearing the fruit of love and marriage in due time. He was a

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Frenchman in all his personal tendencies and traits, and nothing of importance to the French people could be foreign to him. The photogravure likeness is that of a man already very ill. We should say that it was deeply marked with the characteristics of the Jewish race had not his essay "Race and Tradition" just been read.

The purpose of that essay is to minimize race and maximize tradition as a factor in history and civilization. Race, we are told, is one of the most palpable fictions of the popular mind. The Aryan race is merely a group of different races using varieties of a common speech. In the religious battles of these races with the Semites, *Hamlet* and *Laertes* are continually changing swords. To say the Aryan is a monotheist and the Semite is a polytheist is quite as true as the converse proposition. The application of this doctrine to Judaism is full of interest, as the following sentences will show:

"The permanence of the Jewish type, or, to speak more exactly, of the Jewish types—for there are several—is a secondary, not a primary fact. . . . It was the Ghetto that detached and fixed the Jewish types. It is the Ghetto that produced that unity of habits and customs which we are wont to regard as the result of race, and which in reality is the mark of a religious minority concentrated and thrown back upon its own resources. . . . Judaism is born in a Semitic medium, but it is the most absolute reaction imaginable against the religion, the manners, the tradition that prevailed in that medium."

Hence the absurdity and wickedness of representing the quarrel with the Jew in Russia and Germany as a battle of the races, Aryan against Semite. When we are told that all the civilized nations have removed the disabilities of the Jew, and Russia and Germany are not included in the enumeration, the implication is too evident to be escaped. "A nationality is all the more solid the more elements there are mixed in it." England and France are good examples. It is the misfortune of Germany that she preserves the element of race so well. The doctrine ought to be encouraging to America.

In the introductory essay, "The Religions of the Future," the treatment is too brief to be entirely satisfactory. It calls upon the Church, the Roman Catholic Church, to ally itself with prophecy and science, the two great forces that must recreate religion and assume again the direction of human society. But when we are told that the necessary revolution could be accomplished "without changing a dogma, a rite, a priestly gesture," we do not seem to understand. For there is elsewhere the assertion that, once organized in dogma and ritual, a religion tends inevitably to become fixed and hardened, and to oppose itself to science and the ever-changing conscience of mankind. A much more elaborate essay is "The Prophets of Israel." It is to some extent a review of Renan's 'Histoire du Peuple d'Israël,' which it warmly commends, without entirely reflecting its spirit. It is much more sympathetic, Prof. Darmesteter having a capacity for moral enthusiasm which was strange to Renan's breast. But the sympathy is not complete. Often as we read we are in danger of forgetting this, so ardent is the tone. But what makes the glow is not the prophetic theology, but the ever-greatening moral ideal of the prophets and their devotion thereunto. They called it by the name of God, and so does Prof. Darmesteter, but they imagined that their ideal was a divine reality, that they were *discovering* God and not *inventing* him. "Their Jehovah was, after all, only the dominant conscience of certain men deified, the human conscience projected heavenward." One can easily imagine that if Isaiah and Jeremiah had heard that "the unity of law throughout the world and the terrestrial triumph of justice" was the substance of their teaching, they would have "looked at each other with a wild surmise."

"Afghan Life in Afghan Songs" is an article of very great interest, the songs all being popular and the translations full of "birr and smeddum." Those exhibiting the Afghan sense of honor are particularly good. The characterization of Renan is reprinted from the pages of the *New World*, for which it was prepared. It is not only very generous in its appreciation of Renan's intellectual part, but it takes up the cudgels manfully for his moral earnestness. "Morality was to him the only thing absolutely certain." Can it be possible that Prof. Darmesteter had not read some of Renan's lighter lucubrations?

"The History of the Jews" is remarkable for its scope and condensation. Beginning with the earliest hints imbedded in the Old Testament, it traces the course of Jewish thought and life down to the present time. Hardly could an orthodox rabbi have written with more ardor and affection, but the same things would not have stirred his heart. The claim is made, perhaps justly, that no other history has ever touched life at so many points. The shame of the Old Testament for many—its silence concerning another life—is for him its joy and crown; or rather its hope of righteousness and justice on the earth is these. Here is a characterization of Christianity which, to say the least, is perfectly frank and far from being trite:

"—a mixed religion, a compromise between the past and the future, which conquered the world, bringing to it an abundance of good and much of evil—an abundance of good because it raised the moral standard of humanity; much of evil, because it arrested its intellectual growth by rejuvenating the mythical spirit, and by fixing for centuries the metaphysical ideal of Europe in accordance with the dreams of Alexandrine decadence, and with the last combinations of Hellenism in its dotage, . . . a new branch of the old Aryo-Semitic mythology."

It is an interesting suggestion that the substance of Judaism is not implicated in its miraculous elements to the same extent as those of Christianity, or, indeed, at all. But while we are assured that this religion never has entered into conflict with science or social progress, nor without violence can be made to do so, it is warned that it must not assume the rôle of a universal religion. Only by dying as a positive religion will it best serve the widest human need. "Hellenism, abolished, counts less sceptics to-day than in the days of Socrates and Anaxagoras." A book which contains scores of sentences like this—packed with significance and food for thought—is one for which to be profoundly glad, and one to pass along, whether we agree with all of it or only with a part.

L'Oeuvre de P. V. Galland. Par Henry Havard, Inspecteur-Général des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Quantin. 1895. 4to, pp. 224.

THIS book, which bears the additional and preliminary title, 'La Peinture Décorative au XIX^e^ Siècle,' is very handsomely printed on unusually heavy paper, with many full-page illustrations which are counted in the pagination, and very many other illustrations in the text. It is, therefore, a small book made large, and its thickness is increased by thirteen mezzotint engravings which are not paged and which have their own table. It tells the story of a very able decorative artist who lived, mainly in Paris and its neighborhood, for the seventy years ending in 1892; one who was little known to the public, because he rarely exhibited in the Salon or elsewhere, but whose paintings on the walls and ceilings of important buildings are known, as their painter is known, most favorably in the world of fine art. The details of the life and work which had earned this most enviable reputation were little understood before the appearance of the present very complete biographical treatise. It appears that, for many years, M. Galland, or his wife for him, kept a journal, in which are noted many very intimate opinions, many facts concerning his employment as artist which throw a great light upon other persons than himself and other achievements than his own, and many expressions of the artist's judgment of his own and other men's work and of fine art in general—all of singular value.

There might be included in the category of such critical remarks the numerous instances here given of Galland's habit of noting down his observations of nature and of man. Thus, in one place he notes (page 105) that children less than ten years old are not apt to look each other or any one in the face "unless," as he says, "they are badly brought up." He had seen a man talking with two children on the steps of the Church of St. Louis d'Antin, and he had observed that the children, even while answering his questions, "se dandinaient, se balançaient, et parfois faisaient la cabriole autour de la rampe du perron." A little farther on he notes under what circumstances grown persons look one another in the eye. At another time he notes the way in which the sleeves of a flannel shirt retain their folds and creases, and the importance of allowing for this tendency in textile fabrics whenever one has a study of drapery to make. "If one dared criticise the beautiful draperies of Poussin," he says in continuation, "one would say that his manner of draping reminds one of the lay figure. The sleeves of Leonardo da Vinci, on the contrary, are perfect in this respect." An admirable decorative composition is shown in a plate opposite page 56, and the journal explains (page 65) how it originated. Galland was talking to Gérardy, he says, while he was working on a piece of theatrical scenery, and as he talked he made this study in the middle of his large canvas. Gérardy cut it out and replaced it by a fresh piece of canvas, and the journal goes on to state what he, the artist, saw as possible and as it were latent in his composition.

Galland was the son of a goldsmith who brought him from Geneva to Paris and introduced him, about 1837, to Ciceri, then fifty-five years old and at the height of his celebrity. Upon his rejection by Ciceri, concerning which a series of amusing anecdotes are given, he became a student of architecture under Henri Labrouste and later a student of painting under Michel Drolling, pursuing both courses of study at the same time. When he was twenty years old, a portrait by him was hung in the Salon of 1842, and, having attained this success, he gained what he had sought, a place in Ciceri's atelier. There he worked until 1848, the time of revolution and tumult and the breaking up of industries. The pupils and the assistants of Ciceri found their legitimate occupations gone, and amused themselves by various escapades, of which an electoral squib painted by them on all the walls of Paris will serve as an example. It offered, as a candi-

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date for the Constituent Assembly, a fellow-pupil named Turbry, stated to be very advanced in his views and very moderate in his ability, and it said: "Let us elect Turbry; poor and devoid of talent, he well represents the majority of Frenchmen and the majority of artists."

Galland's first independent work was the decoration of a large private palace at Constantinople. Returning to France about 1853, he undertook wall paintings in the official residence of the Minister of Finance, and a ceiling and other works in the palace of St. Cloud. These were all destroyed during the war and insurrection of 1871, and a few paintings in the Church of St. Eustache remain as the only public works left from among those executed by Galland under the Second Empire. Some struggles with the authorities of the Gobelin works are described in chapter 5, and form an amusing contrast with his later mastership in the same famous establishment. He had to provide designs for half-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress surrounded by borders of flowers, and the journal notices curious experiments in decoration as distinguished from such painting as (for instance) that of easel pictures. He doubts whether it may not be better to paint his flowers after drawings rather than directly from nature. Poorly as the Imperial Government acquitted itself with regard to Galland, the Paris of the Imperial epoch was friendly enough. We are told of important decorative painting for Mr. Garfunkel in 1856, for Mr. Lebœuf in 1858, for Mr. De Presles in 1859, for Mr. d'Erlanger in 1863, for Mr. Cail in the same year, for the Hôtel Parent in 1864, for the Hôtel Agnado in the same year, and also for the residence of Mr. Scherer at Lille, for that of Mr. Grandval at Marseilles, and for the Baron de Rothschild in London. Many photographic reproductions are given of ceilings, panels, and separate details drawn from these important works. Chapters 6 and 7 are devoted to them and to several others which we have not named, one of them a ceiling for Mr. Herter of New York.

Still, the important part of Mr. Galland's career was to come with the present republic. It was under the republic that the well-known picture in the Panthéon was painted, the "St. Denis Preaching," in which the misery of life, the wretchedness of the deformed, the feeble, and the infirm are combined into a vast composition full of religious hope. The cupola which covers the great rotunda of the Sorbonne was also of these later times. The long row of cupolas in the Hôtel de Ville, with their admirable compositions in which the active labor of men and women in the daily toils of life are conventionalized as if by mediæval artists, but with the knowledge and science of the nineteenth century, were perhaps not even completed when the artist died. At the same time private commissions poured in upon him, and he produced among other decorative paintings those for Prince Narishkin at St. Petersburg, of which charming specimens, reminding one of Paul Veronese, are here given in photographic reproductions, and those of the Vanderbilt house in New York. Space does not allow us to speak of Galland's work at the Gobelins, or to comment even briefly upon the hard work and the many disappointments which he met with at the École des Beaux-Arts. The value of this book to architects and to decorative artists is in the lively and brilliant picture it gives of the labors of an accomplished and most skilful and dexterous workman in their own line; and, in the second place, in the true portrait of artist life in Paris—its good side and its side that is not so good.

A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial, and Foreign Records. By D. W. Prowse. With a prefatory note by Edmund Gosse. Illustrated. Macmillan. 1895.

Judge Prowse has been somewhat slow in publishing his 'History of Newfoundland,' but its appearance at the present moment is so opportune that one cannot complain of the delay. Misfortunes are always interesting, and few countries whose annals are limited to four hundred years can show a longer, more diversified list of misfortunes than this oldest colony of the British Crown. The feuds of fishermen and settlers, incursions of the French and raids of Sallee rovers, famine, fire, and scurvy were among the island's calamities in former generations. Recent events at St. John's are fresh in the memory of every one. The climax was reached with the political chaos of 1894 and the financial crash of last winter. Newfoundland now stands at the parting of the ways. Its situation has two sides—the one economic and local, the other political and international. Never have the affairs of the island been so critical for its inhabitants, or so well worth the attention of strangers. It is fortunate that we should have an admirable survey of its history just when one is most needed.

The materials upon which Judge Prowse has based his work are more ample than those which have been at the disposal of any other historian. In his quest he has gone far beyond the limit of printed books. The British Museum, the Record Office, the library at Hatfield, have all been ransacked for documents:

"The history of the colony . . . lies buried under great rubbish-heaps of unprinted records, English, municipal, colonial, and foreign, in rare pamphlets, old Blue Books, forgotten manuscripts, old English newspapers and magazines, and in the political tracts of the eighteenth century. The accounts of the defence of St. John's against D'Iberville, and the gallant fight of Captain Holman are from affidavits made before Devonshire justices, the latter to get tardy payment from the Crown for the powder expended in defending the colony."

These fresh sources have been used with much judgment and self-control. Judge Prowse is careful not to submerge his reader beneath a tide of ill-digested facts. Each chapter is followed by an appendix of citations from unpublished records, and the text, thus relieved of paraphrase and synopsis, rises above the flats of learned dulness. One would not suppose, *à priori*, that the catching of cod could be invested with a glamour of romance; but such is the case. What the herring was to townsmen of the Hanseatic League, that, and more, the cod has been to the fishing villages of western England. Yorkshire in the sixteenth century probably made more money from its wool than Devon made from the Great Bank; but the sea transmutes everything which comes from or sails upon it. No one was ever stirred by thought of the sheep-walks of Fountains and Melsa, but each cruise of a Bideford smack was an heroic adventure. Along with flakes, and curing-houses, and train oil, we hear of Biscayan and Spanish and Portuguese fleets, of gentlemen adventurers like Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Lord Baltimore, of sack, and sherry, and calabogus. Newfoundland went without a parson till 1697; but every spring brought its fishing Admiral, who was expected to maintain order in the fleet and administer such justice as the colonists required. Judge Prowse has drawn a picture of this important official—

"clothed, not in the dignity of office, not in flowing judicial robes, not in the simple and sober black of the police magistrate, but in his ordinary blue flushing jacket and trousers, economically besmeared with pitch, tar, and fish slime, his head adorned with an old seal-skin cap robbed from an Indian or bartered for a glass of rum and a stick of tobacco. The sacred temple of law and equity was a fish-store, the judicial seat an inverted butter-firkin. Justice was freely dispensed to the suitor who paid the most for it. In the absence of a higher bribe, his Worship's decision was often favorably affected by the judicious presentation of a few New England apples."

We are bound to take part with the colonists whom this despot harried and abused; but it must be confessed that Newfoundland's history loses much warmth of color when it passes into the constitutional phase.

Judge Prowse's narrative, from the landing of Cabot to the Peace of Utrecht, is so intimately connected with Devon that it might serve as a supplement to Westcote or Polwhele. Two centuries after its discovery the island had less than two thousand inhabitants. The period 1713–1825 is marked by more serious colonization. It was in the latter year that the first resident Governor, Sir Thomas Cochrane, was appointed. The population had then risen to fifty-five thousand. With the grant of a legislature in 1832, Newfoundland enters upon its autonomous career, and its history becomes hard for a local historian to write. Judge Prowse is on his guard against party bias, but not always on his guard against patriotism. The lenience of some of his contemporary judgments will need revision in the dry light of future scrutiny.

The subjects upon which Judge Prowse speaks with most feeling and vigor are the French possession of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and French treaty rights on the Newfoundland coast. Every concession made to the French since their surrender of Placentia has been a source of annoyance to the colonists, who claim that the mother country yielded their rights. The Imperial Government disliked the Bait Act, Newfoundland's great protective measure, and ratified it with reluctance. In the spring of 1888, Sir R. Thorburn proceeded to put the law into force, and placed Judge Prowse at the head of a fleet. It was while acting as "Bombarde Admiral" that he decided to write the present volume. The chapters on "St. Pierre and Miquelon" and the "French Fishery Question" are among his best. They are strong and a little *ex parte* in tone, but not unfair. The disgrace of St. Pierre is wholesale smuggling, and so long as the French Government excludes an English Consul, it must bear the brunt of any imputations which are cast upon it.

As in the case of most large works, a few slips occur. Surely Pope's line on Bacon does not run, "the *greatest*, wisest, meanest of mankind," nor was Mirabeau the orator who exclaimed, "Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace." Algernon Sidney is confused, p. 93, with Sir Philip Sidney. The former, born in 1622, could not have been concerned in any of the schemes which led up to the founding of Guy's Colony. Again, love of his subject sometimes betrays Judge Prowse into exaggeration. Can it be said, for instance, that the destruction of the Spanish fishing fleet in 1585—called "the most daring blow" of the years 1584–'88—was a more daring blow than the "singeing of the King of Spain's beard"? These, however, are small points, not to be dwelt upon when we

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have so much to praise. Judge Prowse merits the thanks not only of Devon and of Newfoundland, but of all who care for American history in its wider sense. He throws light on much which has been imperfectly treated, and discloses much which has not been treated at all. His work will be the standard history of Newfoundland for a long time to come.

M. Tulli Ciceronis pro T. Annio Milone ad Judices Oratio. Edited, with Introduction and Commentary, by Albert C. Clark, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1895. Pp. lxiv, 145.

THIS elaborate edition of a well-known oration is unusually varied in its contents. There is a fresh recension of the text, with critical and exegetical notes; an historical introduction, a rhetorical analysis, and a most minute account of the diplomatic material, prepared obviously for the disciples of the inmost chamber—exhaustive at once of the subject and the reader. There is also an interesting account of our sources of illustrative information; and we have the commentary of Asconius, and scholia from Bobbio appended entire to the oration.

It is not easy to determine exactly for what readers this edition is mainly intended. The editor seems to disclaim writing a school-book, and certainly much of his matter will suit only advanced students. Yet some of his notes are hardly above the elementary, and appear obtrusive in a special edition. One example will suffice. Cicero speaks of Clodius ironically as *mansuetum;* whereon Mr. Clark annotates: "= χειροήθη, of a domestic pet: cf. Aen. vii., 470 Ille *manum* patiens, mensæque *assuetus* herili." As a piece of derivation, *quid hoc ad Clodium?* As an interpretation of Cicero's meaning, it is forced and improbable. The style of the introduction and of many notes is not to be commended. It belongs to the would-be smart and vivacious dialect by which so many English commentators seek to impart an unnatural realism, as in this sentence: "Fausta, a daughter of Sulla, a great lady with a seamy past, wedded the doughty fighter." Mr. Clark remarks that in Cicero's *narratio* "the language employed is that of good conversation, never attempting to soar, but neither vulgar nor bald." It is a pity he had not profited by the example.

It seems as if the English university writers of the present day could not possibly comprehend Cicero, or, indeed, the rhetorical and self-exhibiting men of southern Europe, at all. The Briton's undefined notion that there must be some good in men so fiercely attacked as Clodius, and that a thoroughly high minded person could not talk about himself as Cicero does, issues in this strange account: "The orator was a good hater, and it was a necessity of his nature to have an enemy. Clodius may not have been so black as he is painted. . . . An act of generous forgiveness on the part of Clodius became classic." Now the very authority for this act which Mr. Clark cites, tells us it was done in imitation of Cicero's conduct to Gabinius, which Mr. Clark chooses to say was at the dictation of Pompey. To speak of "the necessity of Cicero's nature to have an enemy," is like talking of the necessity of Bonaparte's nature to sacrifice his own purposes.

Mr. Clark has taken very great pains to revise the text according to the best MSS. He is particularly confident that in § 27 (74) the reading *harenam* should be substituted for the vulgate *arma*. This last word he thinks cannot possibly bear the meaning "tools." Such a use seems authorized by the 'Georgics,' i., 160; and if Cicero wanted to say "tools," what word could he use except *arma* or *armamenta?*

The book appears, in spite of the inevitable difficulties of its press-work, to have all the beauty and accuracy of the Clarendon press; but *Atque* at the top of p. 9 looks very much like a misprint for *Atqui*.

Celia Thaxter. Letters edited by her Friends A. F. and R. L. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE editors of this biography have generously interpreted their right to withhold whatever would not bear out their notion of the woman and friend whose good fame was intrusted to them. They have supplied a brief account of the outward events of her life, and four portraits. In an introductory note they suggest the purpose which more or less obviously governs their choice of extracts from her letters: "Except for a light from within, which irradiated the world she lived in, her life could easily have worn the sad-colored hues of ordinary mortality." In the faith that she was a woman of radiant nature, they have shown her almost exclusively from the side of her affections. Incidentally, of course, the reader gets glimpses of her relation to wider interests in the world of thought and action, but for the most part the narrative is one of the affectionate duties and interests of Celia Thaxter as wife, mother, daughter, and friend. The narrative is one of a curiously sustained serenity. It suggests the possibility not only of an insular variety of literature, but of an island type of character. The woman described, spite of the evident purpose of her editors, constantly eludes their description, and appears half concealed, half revealed, in some tantalizing word or phrase quite remote from their characterization of her. She constantly suggests comparison with two women whose lives presented at different points great contrasts to hers. These two women are Maria Mitchell and Emily Dickinson. In her strong and durable personality she was like Maria Mitchell; so, too, in her love for birds and flowers. She shared with Emily Dickinson her curious incapacity for growth. Instead, she seems to have had the power to turn to a larger and larger world about her, to form wider relations with men and women. But, meantime, she does not change essentially. There are no stages in her poetry, no periods in her life. From season to season, like her own island, she seems to persist. She is there—to be discovered. Her duties are for the most part those of New England women two or three generations back, before "help" had been transformed into hired girls, and before the home-making had become so mechanically separated from housekeeping.

The most attractive part of Mrs. Thaxter's story is not that associated with her literary friends, her painted china, or the warm glow of her love for her grandchildren. It is not even her brave fight with death when she felt herself sustained by a faith half Oriental, half Christian. It is her early married life, when she loved her island, baked and brewed, hammered, and got temporarily cross over the washtub. One naturally compares Mrs. Thaxter's domestic struggles with Mrs. Carlyle's, and one discovers a similar stimulating effect on the struggler's rhetoric.

"Karly [her son], I think, is getting less nervous than he was. I try very hard to let him alone, but he is so mischievous that I can't help visiting him with small thunder occasionally, also spanks. . . . The biddies are fine. The other day we killed the old rooster, the magnificent sultan of the flock, and boiled him in a floured bag, and he was delicious. We had company to dinner, a strange young lady from Boston, and John kept saying, 'Please, Mamma, give me another piece of cockerel!' to my intense private amusement. . . . Ob, Lizzie, do you have races with things to get them eaten up? What with trying to eat up the quinces, apples, squashes, pumpkins, etc., as fast as they get a leaning towards decay, we are obliged to eat very little else; everybody in the neighborhood is so rich there's nobody to give them away to. I think Lamartine would be perfectly satisfied with our present diet. I've just got rid of the last tomatoes, to my great satisfaction. I've been lugging them about the county to my various friends for the last month, in the vain endeavor to get rid of them, and now there's only one *mess* left."

It must be admitted that, as the years go by, and Mrs. Thaxter gets to be petted by the literary great, and finds herself more interesting because they think her so, a slight affectation crops into her expression. But to the end there comes every now and then a whiff of charming downrightness—like lavender. This downrightness is all the more valuable since it comes associated with a sane, healthful view of life as worth living, of friends as worth cherishing, and of duty as worth the doing. Of late years, we have had many books about women, saints and sinners, cranks, simpletons, geniuses, but it is a question whether we have had one about a woman who was, on the whole, more encouraging than Celia Thaxter.

The Story of Sonny Sahib. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co.

MRS. COTES has made the massacre of the Indian mutiny of 1857 the starting-point of her semi-juvenile, semi-adult story, and the foundation of the very slight and transparent plot that underlies it. The court of an independant Rajput prince supplies the scenery to most of the incidents in its development. Amid dusky faces, Eastern coloring, and tropical accessories stands forth, in inward and spiritual, no less than outward and visible contrast, the figure of a fair-haired English boy, an infant three days old, saved by his faithful ayah from the slaughter of women and children at Cawnpore, first to be made the playmate of the little prince of Chita, and finally for better things than this. The fact that its motive, as old as the history of story-telling, has been more skilfully managed elsewhere, and might conceivably have been more skilfully managed here, will hardly prevent the sympathetic reader from falling in with the emotional mood of the scene that brings the boy into the presence of his father, who could, according to the natural laws of fiction, be no other than the red-coated officer ordered into Rajputana to make martial remonstrance for the murder of the English medical missionary.

Enjoyment of the story consists largely in discerning, through its warp and woof, familiar aspects and habits of Indian domestic life, whether in the hill-village of Rubbulgurh or in the palace of Lalpore. Hindu dignitaries are depicted as *bouffe* dignitaries, or nearly so. A vein of ironical pleasantry serves at one and the same time to make the story move more lightly and to show the writer's light estimate of the national character. In regard to the dominant race, opinion is reversed. "A sahib's promise is written in gold," says old Tooni, the ayah; and the moral of Mrs. Cotes's pretty tale is nothing else

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than an "Amen," variously illustrated, to this sentiment. Even at the threat of his life, Sunni "did not tell" that which would have been to the disadvantage of his selfish but indulgent friend, the Maharajah, thereby preserving to the end the cordial estimation in which the reader has held him from the early moment when he discreetly slept and throve under adverse circumstances.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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